THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXV. E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, APRIL 5th, 1927. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society

So Truly Fine

"SALADA" GREEN TEA T92

Drink it and you will say "Superb".

FOR SALE—1 cutter and a pair of Musk-ox robes for sale. Apply to BOX 156. 15-tf

HOLSTEINS

Females, 4-year olds and 2-year olds, with records over 14,400 lbs., 8000 and 5700 lbs. respectively, with ordinary care. Also yearling males and females and spring calves.

JOHN L. WILSON,
15-tf Enterprise, Ont.

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

FRED RUSSELL

'Phone 406. East Street.

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

John Street, South of Paisley House.

Phone 385. Box 139. 15tf

THE Belleville Nurseries!

—for—

—Hardy varieties of Flowering Shrubs.
—Ornamental Trees and Perennials.
—Select varieties of Roses a specialty.
—Order early to secure varieties wanted.
—Catalogue on request.

W. C. REID,
179 Dundas St.
BELLEVILLE - ONT.
14-

MILLINERY

New Designs and Materials

For Easter

They express the fashion-lore of Paris in their complete mastery of line.

Their deft folds and twists, their trick of combining colors, of applique, on silk or straw on felt, or straw on Grosgrain.

Parabuntal, balibuntal, crochet straws, Italian handmade braids, felt and straw felt, and patent-shine quilted taffeta are of the high mode.

NEW SCARFS
NEW SILK HOSE

In all sizes and shades. Prices moderate.

J. B. KNIGHT
formerly with
Dorenwend—Pember
Campbell House, Napanee
—on—
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20th
HAIR GOODS
LADIES and GENTS
Advice on the Scalp
Makers of Patent Structures
JOHNSTON & KNIGHT
Ryrie Birks Building
Yonge & Temperance TORONTO

DOXSEE & CO.
The Leading Millinery House

NEW SPRING GOODS
Men's and Boys' Furnishings
Hats and Caps.

Boots and Shoes
are now being placed in stock. We invite your inspection and solicit a share of your patronage.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

CAPABLE MAID WANTED. Apply MRS. T. M. GALBRAITH, Dundas street. Good wages. 16-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FOR SALE—Seed Oats, Banner and O.A.C. 72) Government tested, Grade No. 1, germination test 99%. Also some quality oats not cleaned or as they came from machine. Samples at the Agricultural office. Apply to MRS. CARRIE SCHELL Bath Ont., R.R. No. 2. 'Phone 153-r-22. 18-3

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

John Geehan farm, between 30 and 40 acres; cows, horses, etc., for sale at a bargain; Henry Clement, Bath, two farms, splendid land and buildings, 100 acres and 175 acres; Archie Denison, two farms west of Selby, a bargain for quick sale; 3 good residences in Napanee; Blacksmith shop, house, garage, etc., Forest Mills; House and lot, Marlbank; A. B. Yanskie farm, about 4 miles from Napanee; The Vine Farm, Vine's Corners; Robert Denison farm, mile from town; 2 stores, John street, Napanee; 1 store and dwelling, Deseronto. Immediate possession on many farms and reasonable prices and terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee, Phone 26. 19-ap

Chimneys, mantles and all supplies for Aladdin lamps, at Wallace's, Napanee Agents.

MEN'S BANQUET AT GRACE CHURCH

The third and concluding men's banquet under the auspices of the social committee of Grace Church, was held in the Sunday School room on Thursday night and was fairly well attended by the men of the church.

An excellent dinner had been prepared by the Ladies' Aid and the tables with their decorations and the rich viands presented a picturesque appearance. Fully seventy-five men sat down to the banquet.

At the conclusion of the supper all joined in community singing for a short time led by Mr. Don Scott, after which Mr. C. S. Davis sang in good voice a very fine solo and was assisted in the chorus by a male quartette, consisting of Messrs. B. Black, J. Stalker, W. Sexsmith and E. Smith.

A toast, "Grace Church," was proposed by Mr. R. E. Allen and responded to by Mr. E. R. Sills, who gave to the gathering considerable of the data collected concerning the early history of Grace Church. Mr. Chas. Stevens gave a very delightful reading. The singing of several selections by the male quartette was very much enjoyed.

In introducing Mr. Ramsay, the speaker of the evening, to the men of Grace Church, Rev. T. P. Walker, the pastor, referred briefly to the sterling qualities and the fine Christian character of Mr. Ramsay and extended a hearty welcome.

Mr. Ramsay in his opening remarks expressed his pleasure at being present at this function and then launched into one of the most profitable addresses heard in Napanee in some time. The speaker took as his subject, "The Use of Life," which he said was the most important question. There were great areas in our lives which we are not using and some which are being used only to the best advantage," he said.

The speaker next referred to the many golden opportunities that are lost by failure of service and said that the best things in life do appeal to the strong-minded. Mr. Ramsay then referred to a number of thorns that are standing in the way of a successful Christian life.

In conclusion, Mr. Ramsay said that a character that has no service is no character at all, and that all service should have behind it farsightedness.

A toast "To the Ladies" was proposed by Mr. Chas. Loucks in a very humorous manner, and ably responded to by Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Just before the meeting was brought to a close a hearty vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to the speaker of the evening as well as to those who had in any way assisted in making the function such a splendid success.

BASEBALL

Is Napanee going to have a baseball team this season? That is the question that is being asked by a good number of baseball fans around the town. There is an abundance of material, and there is no reason why Napanee should not enter a team in the Lennox and Addington group of the O.B.B.A. Napanee has been without baseball for a couple of seasons, and the game would no doubt flourish this year.

Of the material around town, three is Jimmy Naphin, Fred Bentley, Harry Skitch, Tommy Kirby, Twin Johnston, Lou Shaw, Bill Joyce, Ray Loucks, Ray Huffman, Ted Daverin, Ambrose Killerin, Barnes, who pitched for Newburgh in the Bay of Quinte League, and a host of others. Surely with this material, there would be no difficulty in fielding a team. If someone would take hold of affairs and start the ball rolling, Napanee could again be represented in the O.B.B.A. group. There is not much prospect of the C.O.B.L. operating in Kingston this year, but Napanee would welcome baseball in Napanee.

We have one of the best parks in the Province and a little fixing up of the diamond will give Napanee a playing field second to none. The annual meeting of the Lennox and Addington League will be held shortly and Napanee should be organized and make application for a berth at the meeting.

WILTON.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Babcock met at their home one evening to spend a social hour and to bid farewell to them before their departure. After a suitably worded address had been read by Mr. C. Mills and signed on behalf of the community, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock were presented with two handsome pieces of silverware. Mr. Babcock in his usual pleasing manner thanked the people for the gifts and extended to them a hearty invitation to visit himself and family in their new home at Morven.

Mr. Kenneth Martin had the misfortune to cut his hand badly while sawing wood.

The United Church held its congregational meeting Thursday evening.

The cheese factory opened on March 31st, with Mr. Brounson as cheese maker.

Just when you need it.
Just where you need it.
Just as you need it.
That's REAL Coal Service.
VANLUVEN. Phone 92.
A Black Business Handled White.

SELBY.

The cheese factory opened here on Monday last.

Rev. Mr. Arnold, a returned missionary from China, gave a very interesting talk on China in the United Church on Sunday evening last.

A large number from here attended the funeral of the late Alex Davis in Napanee on Friday last.

The concert given by the mission band on Friday night was a good success. The proceeds amounted to $20.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott attended the funeral of the late Mr. Caseman at Belleville on Tuesday.

A moving picture and lecture was given in the town hall on Wednesday night by Mr. Laughland, agriculture representative.

Does it pay to feed Dr. Hess' stock or poultry tonic? Buy a pail of stock food and watch results. We guarantee it to pay for itself at least twice over, or money refunded. This applies when fed to cattle, horses or poultry. Full information at Wallace's, Napanee agents.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
April 4th, 1927.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Present—Councillors Simpson, Dunbar, Fitzpatrick, Howitt.

The minutes of the last regular session were read and confirmed.

A communication was read from the Highway resident engineer, Cobourg, offering to sell to the corporation crushed stone at $2.75 per cubic yard.

Ordered fyled.

A communication was read from Miss Marjorie Simpson, thanking the Council for kind expression of sympathy and flowers.

A communication was read from the Salvation Army, asking for the privilege of holding a tag day in Napanee on May 14th.

Request granted.

A communication was read from the Ontario Municipal Board re assessment, asking that this corporation send a wire to the representative of this constituency, the federal Minister, asking him to attend all meetings of the committee and express his opposition to the Georgian Bay Canal bill.

On motion a telegram will be sent to Mr. John Hubbs, M.P., giving his advice along the line of the above communication.

Councillor Simpson, Chairman of Finance Committee, presented the treasurer's monthly statement of the financial conditions of the town.

Councillor Fitzpatrick reported that no work on the streets was under way, except sweeping and cleaning up. He had made an inspection of the streets of the town and found some culverts which needed attention. He found it cheaper to get stone from the quarry on Roblin hill at $1.25 a yard, and give employment to some of our townspeople breaking it up at $1.00 per yard, which was being done. Nothing had as yet been done regarding the putting of street traffic signs on the streets. Mr. Harvey had made application for the rental of the town's road roller on the same terms as last year.

Report adopted.

The matter of the rental of the road roller was left in the hands of the Streets Committee with power to act.

Coun. Fitzpatrick also reported that representatives of the Standard Paving Co. had been in town on Monday investigating the complaint about the storm sewers in connection with the paving, and that the paving company was quite willing to make right any defects.

Coun. Dunbar reported that the Market and Police Committee had made arrangements for a caretaker at the Campbell House yards at a price of $30.00 per year.

Report adopted.

Coun. Dunbar reported that complaints were being made concerning the condition of the road running north, west of Riverside cemetery.

Referred to Streets Committee to report.

Moved by Coun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Dunbar, that plans and specifications for the construction of new sidewalk pavement work in Napanee this year be secured and that James, Proctor & Redfern, be requested to prepare said plans and specifications and look after the town's interest in connection with the work. Carried.

On motion the engineer will be instructed to allow in their plans and specifications for a pavement on Centre street in widths as follows: From Mill street to Dundas street, 36 feet wide; from Dundas to Bridge, 42 feet; from Bridge street to C. N. Railway, 28 or 30 feet, the type of pavement to be of an asphalt wearing surface on a concrete base.

A survey will also be made for a permanent pavement on Bridge street, from East street to West street.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

Imperial Oil, Limited	$ 114 50
Jas. H. Vanalstine	44 00
J. G. Fennell	5 90
C. I. Maybee	4 25
Geo. Hall	26 00
Frank Maracle	16 75

The usual accounts from the Bell Telephone Co. were referred to the Clerk with power to act.

C.N.R.W., WINNIPEG, TO CHANGE WAVE LENGTH

Montreal, March 26.—Because of the interference caused by broadcasting stations in the United States moving off allotted wave lengths and using those granted for the exclusive use of the Dominion, another Canadian radio station has been compelled to effect a change and transmit programmes on another channel in an effort to avoid such interference.

Hitherto CNRW, the Canadian National Railways Radio Department Winnipeg brodcast, has been transmitted on 384.4 metres, but has now been changed to 405.2 metres. Experimental broadcast, were transmitted from CNRW on a length of 440 metres, but 405.2 has been adopted, for the present, at least, and pending the hoped-for readjustment of broadcasting channels as they affect international radio.

Previous interference had caused a temporary change between Toronto and Ottawa stations.

A feature of broadcasting from CNRW is the Sunday musical programmes played by Irvin Plumm and the Jasper Park Lodge orchestra.

ARSON CASE DISMISSED JOHN POWELL GOES FREE

The trial of John Powell, charged with arson in connection with the burning of Mr. Fred A. Perry's warehouse, just south of the swing bridge, on the evening of February 17th, was up for hearing on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. The trial was held in the court house before His Honour Judge Lavelle. The case for the crown was presented by E. M. Wilson, Crown Attorney, assisted by Deputy Fire Marshall, D. H. Saville, of Toronto.

W. S. Herrington, K.C., appeared as counsel for the accused.

That considerable interest was taken in this trial was evidenced by the large number of people who packed the court long before the hour of the opening of trial.

F. J. VanAlstyne, Fire Chief, was the first witness called. He had arrived at the fire within five minutes after the alarm had been sounded. Saw fire breaking out in the rear of the building, at the northwest corner, also at the southwest corner on the first floor. Shortly afterwards he also noticed a fire in the basement at the south end of the building. Could not account for this fire, as the floor above had not burned through. Did not seem to have any connection with the fire in the other parts of the building.

F. W. Barrett, Chief of Police, was the next witness. Remembered the fire. He had arrived on the scene shortly after alarm. Noticed flames coming out of building around a pipe hole at the south end of the west corner. Noticed also saw fire breaking out on the second floor near roof at the north west corner of same building. Quite a few minutes later his attention had been called to a fire in the basement in a pile of shavings. The floor above had not burned through. Saw some baled hay on first floor, near door at south end of building, also burning; quite a blaze at times. Blaze in cellar looked different from that on first floor, looked like a substance burning off the timber, similar to alcohol burning; quite a large flame but did not reach up to floor above. Saw not Powell quite a number of years, had interview with him in presence of Deputy Fire Marshall. Was not under arrest at time. Powell had been warned, and Deputy Fire Marshall had told Powell who he was, and any evidence given might be used against him. No inducements were offered and no threats made. Powell had stated he was not near the building that evening prior to the fire, in fact he had not been south of Dundas street. The Deputy Fire Marshall had put this statement in writing.

A sworn statement make by the defendant, Powell, was then put in as evidence.

Herbert Parks sworn said: Lived on Dundas street, remembered night of the fire, Feb. 17th. Had been going south on Centre street that night in company with a lady friend about 8.45 o'clock. Saw Fred A. Perry, also the defendant. Spoke to Mr. Perry at a point just north of the swing bridge, between Mr. P. Gleeson's office and the electric light on the bridge. Mr. Perry was coming north from across the bridge. After meeting Mr. Perry he had passed Powell in the centre of the bridge. Spoke to Powell. After passing Powell, had heard a whistle and on looking around saw Mr. Perry stop as though waiting for Powell. Had then gone on to the home of his companion, arriving there about nine o'clock.

Miss Berniece Thompson, who was in company with Mr. Parks at the time, was the next witness, and gave evidence similar to that given by Mr. Parks.

Mrs. Helen Douglas sworn, said she remembered the night of the fire and was crossing the bridge between the hour of 11 and 11.30 p.m., in company with Mrs. Berniece VanLuven. When opposite the Perry Warehouse had smelled an odor similar to gasoline.

In reply to a question from Mr. Herrington, witness stated that she thought the smell of gasoline came from an automobile which had just passed them.

In reply to a question from the Crown Attorney, witness said she had referred to had passed them on the north end of the bridge.

Mrs. Berniece VanDusen sworn said that in company with Mrs. Douglas she had been going between 11 and 11.30, possibly nearer 11.30. When near the corner VanLuven's coal office she had smelled the odor of gasoline, and it was so noticeable that she had mentioned it to her companion. She remembered an automobile passing them, but could not say if the defendant Powell was in it. Witness sworn said he remembered night of fire. Had been on his way up town about 11.30 p.m. Saw Powell near the corner opposite P. Gleeson's coal office going towards the bridge alone. Had noticed Powell seemed that he had better hurry as he saw his boss going down ahead of him. Had called to Powell from the corner. Saw Powell again about 8.30 or 9 o'clock in middle of block, just north of Allen's office. Had had a conversation with him. Saw him again on duty during progress of fire. Powell spoke to him. Powell had said to him, "don't let on you were talking to me tonight." Did not know what he meant.

Frank Babcock sworn, said that on a Sunday night following the fire he had a talk with Powell on John street, near the home of Mr. Jay A. Daly. Powell had remarked that he expected to be in jail tomorrow, and when asked why for, had said, "did you not hear about Fred Perry's fire." The Fire Marshall was coming here and would put him in jail, as he was suspected of causing it. Powell also said he had $1000 in his pocket. Babcock had told him he thought he was a liar, and Powell remarked that he was not burning buildings for nothing. Babcock also swore that the accused had told him how he had hired a taxi to drive him to Deseronto, and had paid $100 for the trip. While the taxi driver was up on the Reserve looking for home brew, he had fired a building down on the dock. Powell had told him that he had used six gallons of gasoline at the Perry warehouse and had spread it around with a dipper, and then jumped through a trap door from the top floor to the floor below to give it a draught. Accused was absolutely sober when talking to the witness.

In answer to question by Mr. Herrington, witness said he treated the talk of the accused as a joke, and thought he was lying, and told him so.

Wm. Baker sworn, said he had known accused for sixteen or seventeen years. Remembered the night of the fire. On the evening of March 5th had a talk with the accused on the corner of Dundas and Centre street. Was talking about the fire. Had remarked to Powell, "done a good job, Jack." Reply, "You bet I did"; said "must have soaked it well"; reply, "Used everything could get." Etc.

In reply to question of Mr. Herrington, the witness said he thought they had talk in the nature of a joke.

Walter Pybus sworn, said he knew Powell, and remembered the night of the fire. On the evening of March 5th, saw Powell on Hooper's corner in presence of himself and other witness. He then gave evidence similar to that sworn to by witness Baker; Powell further explained that about three weeks after this conversation he and Powell had been at the home of Mr. H. Duncan, when Powell had proposed a his mould a scheme whereby some easy money could be made. Powell was to write a letter of paper his knowledge of the fire, and give it to Duncan, who was supposed to lose it and Powell find it. Powell was then to take the paper and show it to Fred Perry and make a demand for $1000.

The witness then shown a sworn statement which he had made to the Deputy Fire Marshall and said that it was correct, and changed his evidence by saying Powell was to lose the paper and Duncan find it and make the demand for the money.

The statement made under oath in reference to this last question was then put in as evidence.

Cross-examined by Mr. Herrington, witness said the plan scheme had been proposed by Duncan and that he had nothing to do with it.

Kenneth Pybus sworn said he had known Powell for about ten years, and accused had visited in the witness's home a while. Remembered the night of the fire. Powell had been at his home about three weeks before the fire, and had remarked that he would soon have some money. Asked what he meant the reply had been that he was going to get $1800 for getting rid of a building. Four days after the fire Powell had come to his home and said, "it is worth $100 to you if you keep your mouth shut. Witness had replied saying that he didn't want his money. His inference from both conversations was that the accused had referred to the burning of the Perry building.

Mrs. Kenneth Pybus also gave evidence similar to that sworn to by her husband.

This completed the evidence submitted for the crown and an adjournment was made until 1.45 in the afternoon.

Court resumed at 1.50 o'clock. The first witness called for the defense was Mr. W. A. Grange, who when sworn said: Remembered the night of the fire. Had a conversation with Mr. Perry over the telephone at 7.50 o'clock, was advising Mr. Perry to go to Deseronto to look after some chattels which were under seizure on his farm near Deseronto.

Fred A. Perry sworn said: Remembered the conversation with Mr. Grange. Had telephoned a couple of times and finally made arrangements with M. B. Judson to take him to his farm. had just passed them.

In reply to a question from the Crown Attorney, witness said he had been going south on Centre street that night in company with a lady friend about 8.45 o'clock. Saw Fred A. Perry, also the defendant. Spoke to Mr. Perry at a point just north of the swing bridge, between Mr. P. Gleeson's office and the electric light on the bridge. Mr. Perry was coming north from across the bridge. After meeting Mr. Perry he had passed Powell in the centre of the bridge. Spoke to Powell. After passing Powell, had heard a whistle and on looking around saw Mr. Perry stop as though waiting for Powell. Had then gone on to the home of his companion, arriving there about nine o'clock.

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The witness then shown a sworn statement which he had made to the Deputy Fire Marshall and said that it was correct, and changed his evidence by saying Powell was to lose the paper and Duncan find it and make the demand for the money.

The statement made under oath in reference to this last question was then put in as evidence.

Cross-examined by Mr. Herrington, witness said the plan scheme had been proposed by Duncan and that he had nothing to do with it.

Kenneth Pybus sworn said he had known Powell for about ten years, and accused had visited in the witness's home a while. Remembered the night of the fire. Powell had been at his home about three weeks before the fire, and had remarked that he would soon have some money. Asked what he meant the reply had been that he was going to get $1800 for getting rid of a building. Four days after the fire Powell had come to his home and said, "it is worth $100 to you if you keep your mouth shut. Witness had replied saying that he didn't want his money. His inference from both conversations was that the accused had referred to the burning of the Perry building.

Mrs. Kenneth Pybus also gave evidence similar to that sworn to by her husband.

This completed the evidence submitted for the crown and an adjournment was made until 1.45 in the afternoon.

Court resumed at 1.50 o'clock. The first witness called for the defense was Mr. W. A. Grange, who when sworn said: Remembered the night of the fire. Had a conversation with Mr. Perry over the telephone at 7.50 o'clock, was advising Mr. Perry to go to Deseronto to look after some chattels which were under seizure on his farm near Deseronto.

Fred A. Perry sworn said: Remembered the conversation with Mr. Grange. Had telephoned a couple of times and finally made arrangements with M. B. Judson to take him to his farm. had just passed them.

In reply to a question from the Crown Attorney, witness said he had been going south on Centre street that night in company with a lady friend about 8.45 o'clock. Saw Fred A. Perry, also the defendant. Spoke to Mr. Perry at a point just north of the swing bridge, between Mr. P. Gleeson's office and the electric light on the bridge. Mr. Perry was coming north from across the bridge. After meeting Mr. Perry he had passed Powell in the centre of the bridge. Spoke to Powell. After passing Powell, had heard a whistle and on looking around saw Mr. Perry stop as though waiting for Powell. Had then gone on to the home of his companion, arriving there about nine o'clock.

Miss Berniece Thompson, who was in company with Mr. Parks at the time, was the next witness, and gave evidence similar to that given by Mr. Parks.

Mrs. Helen Douglas sworn, said she remembered the night of the fire and was crossing the bridge between the hour of 11 and 11.30 p.m., in company with Mrs. Berniece VanLuven. When opposite the Perry Warehouse had smelled an odor similar to gasoline.

In reply to a question from Mr. Herrington, witness stated that she thought the smell of gasoline came from an automobile which had just passed them.

In reply to a question from the Crown Attorney, witness said she had referred to had passed them on the north end of the bridge.

Mrs. Berniece VanDusen sworn said that in company with Mrs. Douglas she had been going between 11 and 11.30, possibly nearer 11.30. When near the corner VanLuven's coal office she had smelled the odor of gasoline, and it was so noticeable that she had mentioned it to her companion. She remembered an automobile passing them, but could not say if the defendant Powell was in it. Witness sworn said he remembered night of fire. Had been on his way up town about 11.30 p.m. Saw Powell near the corner opposite P. Gleeson's coal office going towards the bridge alone. Had noticed Powell seemed that he had better hurry as he saw his boss going down ahead of him. Had called to Powell from the corner. Saw Powell again about 8.30 or 9 o'clock in middle of block, just north of Allen's office. Had had a conversation with him. Saw him again on duty during progress of fire. Powell had said to him, "don't let on you were talking to me tonight." Did not know what he meant.

Frank Babcock sworn, said that on a Sunday night following the fire he had a talk with Powell on John street, near the home of Mr. Jay A. Daly. Powell had remarked that he expected to be in jail tomorrow, and when asked why for, had said, "did you not hear about Fred Perry's fire." The Fire Marshall was coming here and would put him in jail, as he was suspected of causing it. Powell also said he had $1000 in his pocket. Babcock had told him he thought he was a liar, and Powell remarked that he was not burning buildings for nothing. Babcock also swore that the accused had told him how he had hired a taxi to drive him to Deseronto, and had paid $100 for the trip. While the taxi driver was up on the Reserve looking for home brew, he had fired a building down on the dock. Powell had told him that he had used six gallons of gasoline at the Perry warehouse and had spread it around with a dipper, and then jumped through a trap door from the top floor to the floor below to give it a draught. Accused was absolutely sober when talking to the witness.

In answer to question by Mr. Herrington, witness said he treated the talk of the accused as a joke, and thought he was lying, and told him so.

Wm. Baker sworn, said he had known accused for sixteen or seventeen years. Remembered the night of the fire. On the evening of March 5th had a talk with the accused on the corner of Dundas and Centre street. Was talking about the fire. Had remarked to Powell, "done a good job, Jack." Reply, "You bet I did"; said "must have soaked it well"; reply, "Used everything could get." Etc.

In reply to question of Mr. Herrington, the witness said he thought they had talk in the nature of a joke.

Walter Pybus sworn, said he knew Powell, and remembered the night of the fire. On the evening of March 5th, saw Powell on Hooper's corner in presence of himself and other witness. He then gave evidence similar to that sworn to by witness Baker; Powell further explained that about three weeks after this conversation he and Powell had been at the home of Mr. H. Duncan, when Powell had proposed a his mould a scheme whereby some easy money could be made. Powell was to write a letter of paper his knowledge of the fire, and give it to Duncan, who was supposed to lose it and Powell find it. Powell was then to take the paper and show it to Fred Perry and make a demand for $1000.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

PETER'S LESSON IN TRUST.

Sunday, April 10.—Matt. 14 : 22-33.

Golden Text—Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid. (Matt. 14 : 27).

It certainly was not Peter's first lesson in trust. He had known the Lord Jesus for two years. The acquaintance began in March, A.D. 27 ; ten months later Peter received Christ's call to discipleship, and obeyed. Miracles and other events followed in rapid succession ; and now, about March, A.D. 29 the Lord Jesus had enabled His disciples to feed the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes.

What followed was sensational. (John 6 : 15). The excitable Oriental multitude "would come and take him by force, to make him a king." That enabled the Lord "constrained plainly" His disciples to get into a ship, and go before Him unto the other side, while He sent the multitudes away.

The Rev. J. Russell Howden, a Church of England clergyman, writing on this lesson in the Sunday School Times, says: "Evidently and naturally, the disciples in were carried away by the excitement. And before he could deal with the excited mob He had to get rid of the disciples—at last it is all over. The disciples are gone, the crowd dispersed. And the wearied Lord turns aside for a season of communion with His Father the refreshment which He so much needed."

Now, not one lesson in trust for Peter, but seven.

1. Peter was being taught to trust the Lord when He did not do what Peter may have thought He ought to do ; yield to the crowd's demand and become King at once. When the Lord declines to do what we think He ought to do, let us trust Him.

2. Peter had to trust the Lord when He left the disciples alone. They would have liked Him to express the seal in the boat with them ; but it was more important that He should pray for them—in the humiliation of His incarnation—for Himself. Christ never leaves the believer alone today ; but, when He seems to, let us trust Him.

3. The boat of the disciples was "tossed with waves" in a contrary wind. Peter needed to trust the Lord while everything seemed to be dead against him ; and so do we. Mr. Howden says that, in view of John 6 : 19, and the mention of the fourth watch, from 3 to 6 a.m., when the Lord appeared to them, the fishermen had been nearly eight hours in rowing less than four miles. The hardest times are the best times to trust.

4. When the Lord did come to them, He appeared in such a way that they "cried out for fear." When Christ manifests Himself to us in some way that may seem terrifying instead of reassuring, let us trust Him.

5. The Lord spoke a wonderful word then. When He said, "Be of good cheer ; I am ; be not afraid." "I am" is the mysterious name of Jehovah (Exod. 3 : 13, 14). And the fact that Christ is enough to remove every fear of the believer, especially when we remember that He will be "with you always" (Matt. 28 : 20).

6. Peter characteristically proposed a test to the Lord, asking the Lord to prove His identity by bidding "me come unto Thee on the water." Christ's answer was "Come."

Peter was testing Christ, and now Christ was testing Peter. Peter met the test and learned the lesson. Paul Rader was right when he said that Peter did not walk on the water, but on Christ's word, "Come." The Word of God is better able to bear us up than the water, for His Word is the Rock of Ages.

7. Peter must have fixed his eyes on the Lord when he stepped out of the boat and set foot on the waves. It was the Lord and not the waves, that bore him up ; and, let us never forget, Peter really did walk on the water, and it may have been for quite a distance.

But after a while he took his eye off the Lord and "saw" the wind boisterous. Of course Peter was afraid then ! Dr. Scofield has a marginal note here on "wind boisterous," referring to Hebrews 10 : 2-34, which tells us of the boisterous winds by which we are to look away unto Jesus (Heb. 12 : 2).

As Peter took his eyes off the Lord he began to sink. Then came his cry of fear, yet also faith : "Lord, save me !" A new and wonderful lesson of trust followed, as immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ?"

It was clearly that had caused Peter to sink. That is the only thing that can ever cause us to sink. Doubt comes from taking our eyes off Christ.

The seven lessons in trust were over for the time being ; yet another immediately followed. For "when they were come into the ship the wind ceased." Christ's presence, when He is trusted, means peace.

What a wonderful walk that must have been which Peter and the Lord took together, in perfect safety, back over the boisterous waves and stormy wind and into the boat. There was never another walk just like it in all history. And yet every believer may have such a walk continually : Christ to the Lord in the midst of the waves and winds of this life, keeping step with Him, in safety and protection, till we reach the goal in His presence.

(Tuesday evenings at 7.30 o'clock Mr. Trumbull broadcasts a fuller teaching of the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons from Station WFAN, Philadelphia, wave length 268 meters.)

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

SPEECH OF MR. RANEY

IN THE LEGISLATURE, ON THE SECOND READING OF THE LIQUOR CONTROL BILL, MARCH 15TH, 1927.

(Continued from last week.)

The situation that arose in November, 1905, will be repeated in 1927 unless we secure from this House a declaration that there will be a non-partisan administration of the law, and that the Board will be free to engage and dismiss its subordinates without any interference whatever by the Government or patronage committees.

The Hydro Electric Commission enjoys its own servants without dictation from patronage committees, so does the T. and N. C. Railway Commission. There is much greater reason for keeping the Liquor Control Board out of Politics.

Now, why does this Government propose to take to itself authority to fix salaries of members of this Liquor Control Board ? Is this Legislature not competent to do that ? We fix the salaries of the Hydro Commissioners, and just the other day we re-arranged the salaries of the T. & N. O. Commissioners. The Government fixes the salaries of the members of the Workmen's Compensation Board and the Ontario Municipal Board and Railway Board. Is it that the Prime Minister cannot trust this Legislature—I think that is not at issue here—or that he wishes to fix the salaries of these Commissioners.

Then there is the announcement of the intention to appoint a member of the Dominion Parliament to be a member of the Ontario Liquor Control Board. I make no criticism of Dr. Manion, but I do criticise the appointment of a member of the Dominion House of Commons to an important and lucrative post under this government. The principle is obvious.

Now what are the outstanding features of this Bill that has been heralded by the Prime Minister as a Bill to promote true temperance and self-control ?

In the first place, the Prime Minister has set Mr. Hanna up as a benevolent autocrat and has predicated the entire system in this province upon the assumption at the moment the objection to all autocrats, benevolent or otherwise, Mr. Hanna is not part of the law. He may not remain Chief Commissioner for three months. And this Liquor Board is given authority to make laws for this Province on such matters as these :

(a) The fixing of the hours of sale by the Liquor Stores.

(b) The alcoholic content of beer.

(c) Quantities that may be purchased by individuals.

(d) The granting of special permits for banquets, clubs, yachts, dining cars and to anything or anybody or anywhere else.

(e) Advertising by the brewers and distillers and liquor stores.

(f) Division of lines between the Province and the municipalities.

Every one of these matters is a matter of importance that ought to be covered by the Bill itself and the handing of these subjects over to a Board of Commissioners is an act unprecedented in the history of liquor law-making in this Province.

No argument would be necessary to convince the government that it ought to bring down sections of the Act to cover these important legislative matters.

And there is all the more reason for urging at this time that is to govern the liquor stores in the Statute Book, because on the face of the Bill the liquor control system is to be made open to be used to advance the fortunes of the party in power by distribution of jobs to party workers and otherwise.

The association of the Government with the liquor interests is fraught with as many perils that the points of contact of the board with the Trade on the one hand and the politicians on the other, ought to be reduced to the narrowest limits.

Then there is the entire absence of anything like effective control by the people of the Riding. The only local option that will be worth anything under this Bill will be county local option and there isn't a word about that in the Bill.

If there is no detail of the Bill more than another that stamps it as a Bill in the permission given to the Board to regulate advertising—advertising by the breweries and distilleries and liquor stores. Advertising to advertise can only have one object, to enable the beer and wine and whiskey makers to increase their wares to the people and so to provide sales and assist in the cultivation of the drink habit.

Another vicious detail of the Bill is the encouragement of drinking in guest room in hotels and in tents. Any hotel room may be a guest room under the definition of residence contained in the Bill and drinking parties in guest rooms and tents may get as drunk as they please and they will be free from interference by the law so long as there is no breach of the peace. In the old days bar rooms were rendezvous of rowdyism. Under this license law, guest rooms and tents will become rendezvous of debauchery.

But finally and dominating the entire measure is the financial objective set by the Government, the Board is expected to sell enough whiskey to make a profit for the Government of $7,000,000 a year, and to popularize it beer of any alcoholic content is to be sold at actual cost.

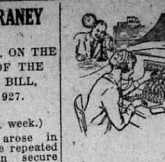
The essential vice of the Bill is the breach of the Prime Minister to give the people of Ontario a true temperance law that would be for the protection of the youth of the Province, who were, he said, the especial objects of his care in his character of Minister of Education. Stated positively, its essential vice is the encouragement, the Act will give to the drink habit and the intimate association it will create between he Government and the great financial corporations that are interested in the drink traffic.

As that eminent churchman, Dr. Chown, said in Massey Hall on last Sunday, "Every elector in the Province who voted for Government Control is carrying the responsibility of every drunken man."

But if that be so, how much greater the responsibility of Members of the Legislature and especially of Members of the Government who persuaded these Electors to vote for them, by the promise that this Government would give them a law that would protect all classes of the Community against the evils of intemperance, and who so recently repeated that promise in a formal resolution of this House.

You are now confronted with a Bill which beyond any question will encourage and promote drunkenness.

The responsibility is yours.



Are you overlooking this opportunity ?

At ten o'clock about five days a week, Jones of Dinechener says to Long Distance, "I want to speak to R. H. White, Peterboro." White looks forward to Jones' calls, and is always at his desk ready for them.

"Why do you always ask for Mr. White?" a telephone salesman asked Mr. Jones. "Because he is the man I want — no one else will do." "But Mr. White is always at his desk. If you said to the operator, 'Please get me anyone at 2624 Peterboro,' you would get Mr. White, and the Station-to-Station rate would be about twenty per cent cheaper."

Jones now uses Station-to-Station exclusively. He finds it answers every requirement and saves money.

THE FARM TRACTOR

(Experimental Farms Note)

From information received by the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, from 179 tractor owners in Eastern Canada and British Columbia, it has been found that 85% of these machines are considered profitable investments for work on the land. The greatest single advantage of the tractor is that it enables the owner to keep his work up to date. Other advantages are reduction of hired help and horses required to operate these farms. Tractor owners were able to take advantage of these reductions when tractors were operated at least 30 to 40 days per year.

Tractors were successfully operated under greatly varying conditions, however ; land operation seems inadvisable where fields are too hilly, too stony or too sandy. Such conditions together with small farms, high initial cost, high cost of fuel and insufficient operators were given as the chief reasons for tractor failure. The smallest number of cultivated acres recommended by these tractor owners on which to purchase a tractor was 100 acres.

The cost of tractor operation is made up of two major items, namely, overhead and direct operating costs. The latter includes fuel, oil and wages of operator. Overhead includes depreciation, interest and repairs. The overhead charges are prorated against the amount of work the tractor does annually. The plow tractors in the East and B.C. were used an average of 55 days per year, with the resulting low cost of $6.68 per 10-hour day. Three-plow tractors were used 48 days per year and had a daily operating cost of $10.32. These costs include the operator's wages at $3.00 per day.

In operation the tractor greatly increases the amount of available power. In ploughing, the small tractor will do the work of six horses, while for discing, cultivating and harrowing it will do the work of at least four horses.

The results of this survey then, show that the tractor will frequently prove a very profitable investment, but as there are many jobs that can be done more economically with horses, the place of the tractor is to supplement the work of horses.

M. GEORGES CLAUDE

French Scientist Would Make Oceans Work for Humanity.

M. Georges Claude, the so-called Edison of France, is at it again, (it has been discovering a way to make the ocean work, according to an article in Forbes Magazine. When we remember how much ocean there is, and we recall that Claude is one of the world's greatest scientists, who has made good on his promises to date, we are all entitled to a pleasurable thrill. No one knows quite yet, to be sure, whether the whole power industry is to be revolutionized or not. But we shall all know pretty soon. The capital is ready. An experimental station in the deep sea is about to be constructed.

It is not disclosed that M. Claude has not harnessed the tides"; he has harnessed nothing but the temperature of the ocean, or, to be more exact, he has harnessed the difference in temperature between the warm surface of the tropical seas and the cold, cold depths.

The discovery is not exactly new that the ocean is warmer in some places than it is in others. But it was reserved for M. Claude to perceive the power possibilities residing in this difference in temperature.

The temperature of the surface water in the tropical seas is almost constant in any given place, usually slightly over eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature at a given depth is also quite constant; and at 4,000 feet it usually approximates forty degrees Fahrenheit. M. Claude's simple idea was to pump this cold water to the surface and use it to condense steam made from the warmer surface water.

In the experimental station which is about to be built there will be a series of boilers containing surface water. Vacuum pumps will then reduce the pressure in these boilers until the water in them boils, and the steam produced will be run through a sufficiently large turbine and condensed by means of the cold water pumped from the depths 4,000 feet below.

As to the actual power thus to be released, we have as yet only the laboratory calculations. The estimate is, however, that the power from the volume of water pumped from the depths will be equal to the power which would be derived from the same volume if were actually falling 333 feet. In other words, the new natural resource, if it fulfils expectations, can be compared only to Niagara Falls, or, rather, to as many Niagaras as anybody cares to dream of. Niagara so far, has been the ideal site for power development. If it should turn out that almost any spot in the tropical seas is even better, we may let our imaginations soar to the limit and be pretty sure at that that they will not catch up with the reality.

Rice Paper.

Rice paper is not made from any part of the rice plant, but from the pith of a tree growing in the Island of Formosa. The stem of the tree is cut into certain lengths and the pith pushed out. Then the latter is very skilfully cut into a kind of very thin spirial, which is afterwards flattened out. The paper made from rice straw is much coarser and more uneven.

A Tall Policeman.

The tallest policeman on the New York City's force is Frank Brooks, who has just been sworn in. He stands six feet seven and a half inches tall in his stockinged feet, and weighs 208 pounds. He is 23 years, old. Patrolman William Metzelair, a fellow member of one of the motor cycle squads, lost the title, which he had held a long time, by half an inch.

The Narwal.

Narwal is a kind of whale, the male of which is provided with a long spiral tusk, which may attain a length of eight or ten feet, while the whale itself seldom exceeds sixteen feet in length. This whale is hunted both for its oil and its whale-bone, commonly called ivory.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

Quiet Folk Are the Ones Who Carry Us Through All Perils.

The best antidote to pessimism is a glimpse of the good people who are the real salt of the earth, the ordinary common folk, who are seldom seen or heard, and whose kindly life goes on its way patiently and tolerantly and cheerfully, writes James Douglas, in the London Daily Express.

The good, kind people are always the same, and they seem to be able to resist every attempt to sour them or savage them into cruelty or violence or rancor or bitterness. There are climates and faculties who cannot understand the steady temper of our good, kind people. They are baffled by their good-nature and good temper.

Mr. and Mrs. Nobody know how to keep their heads in spite of every device and endeavor to persuade them to lose them. Their troubles and distresses they bear with amazing fortitude and astounding courage.

There is no bad blood in Mr. and Mrs. Nobody, and all the efforts to make it are stupendously wasted. There they are in their millions, quietly enduring all their little woes, living through their grey privations, helping each other, cheering each other, standing by each other with simple fidelity and good, honest loyalty.

Their goodness is our salvation. They carry us through every crisis. They keep the whole world wondering and admiring and worshipping their patient, unconquerable power. "How British!" says the world.

But Mr. and Mrs. Nobody are hardly aware of the world's astonishment. They do not perceive their own quality of greatness. They are too simple to be self-conscious. They are just there, as they have always been there, and always will be there, working through all perils and all strains with serene duty and brave faithfulness.

PAINTERS' OILS.

Secrets of Flemish Primitives Have Been Lost.

When Sargent's pictures were sold in London for scores of the highest prices ever realized by a modern painter's work, the question was raised whether their colors would last. The paintings of the fifteenth-century Flemish era, of which a score are exhibited at the exhibition of Flemish art at the Royal Academy, have been preserved in their original brightness down the centuries, while many works of later date have gone dark.

Now, an English artist, Harry Morley, claims to have rediscovered the medium in which the Flemish painters worked. Six pictures by him included in an exhibition now on view in London were painted with an emulsion made up from a recipe collected in Flanders by a Frenchman, Le Begue, in 1437, which is supposed to be the same medium as that used by the Van Eyeks and the Flemish primitives generally. Painting in oil gradually became universal, the earlier process was abandoned and forgotten and its secret lost, with the result that the oil with which the colors of later paintings were mixed gradually darkened them.

Some authorities, however, assert that it is not now necessary to return to the medium of the Flemish Primitives. British authorities claim that chemical research has resulted in everything used to-day being of a higher standard than the materials used by the old masters, and modern paintings, he thinks, will last as long, if not longer. Whether this is an advantage is a question on which they are not so sure of the answer.

SPAIN'S WONDER BRIDGE.

Built 1,800 Years Ago, Is Almost "as Good as New."

Trajan's Bridge, which spans the Tagus at Alcantara, in Spain, is 1,800 years old, and is to-day almost "as good as new."

The engineer who planned and built this wonder bridge was Caius Julius Lacer. It is 600 feet long and 26 feet wide. There are six arches, and the two central ones have a width of span than the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Forth Bridge carries its iron road 152 feet above the surface of the water, but Trajan's Bridge bears its road 172 feet above the summer level of the river.

The most wonderful feature of this bridge is that neither cement nor mortar was used in its construction. The blocks of granite of which it is built were so carefully cut and shaped that they seem to make one solid mass. The arch-stones, which number nearly five hundred, are mammoth blocks of granite each weighing twelve tons! In the winter the Tagus is extraordinarily turbulent, rising much as 70 feet above the normal level of summer, yet for eighteen centuries this bridge has withstood the fury of the great river, and looks capable to-day of withstanding it for centuries to come.

Use Cash Discount Bonds And Save Money

On every cash purchase we give you Cash Discount Bonds—one cent bond on every 25c. you spend.

Your cash purchases entitle you to this discount, so take advantage of the opportunity to save money.

All you have to do is accept the Bonds due on your purchases and then spend them here the same as money.

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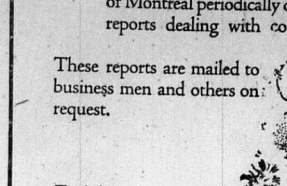
These reports are mailed to business men and others on request.



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BOB FITZSIMMONS' PETS

PUGILIST HAD A FONDNESS FOR LIONS.

Understood Animals and Had a Way of Making Animals Understand Him—Walked Through Crowded Streets With Pet Lion.

"Bob" Fitzsimmons was a black-smith before he entered the ring, and his son says that he never was kicked by a horse. He seemed to understand animals and had a way of making animals understand him. He had also a fondness for them, and finally a little rough play by an excited lion was not uncongenial. He would grin when receiving a blow that might care in another man's side. Young Fitz says that one of his earliest memories is of his father in bed with pyjamas with a good-sized African lion and a couple of dogs snoozing on the bedclothes. Instead of the children piling on the bed, it was the animals who gave this welcome to their master. The lion had the place of honor, "with one big paw on the pillow, sort of curving around and cuddling his owner." Of course, the lion's claws had been manicured, but his teeth were as nature made them. The dogs tolerated the lion but always kept a wary eye on him. But Fitz would sleep peacefully with this menagerie lying round him.

The first lion entered the family in 1896 when the Fitzsimmons family was in Texas, where the breathiest was training for his fight with Peter Maher. Young Bob required a nursing bottle and goat's milk was prescribed, so the father trotted over into Mexico and came back with a couple of goats, which were turned loose in the court yard of the house. Unfortunately he forgot that a 500-pound African lion was also on the premises. Nero beheld the goats with delight and supposed they were a tempting morsel that his kind master had provided for him. He approached one of the goats and was about to swallow it when the goat raised on her hind legs and crashed her bony forehead into his countenance. The lion lost his balance and fell over. He also lost his taste for goats, and ever afterward would put his tail between his legs when in the presence of the goat. This fear traveled all over the country with Fitzsimmons and eventually died in Cleveland, where it was accidentally electrocuted. Fitz mourned the lost pet and felt that Bonnie without a lion about was far from his ideal. He seized the first opportunity to outfit himself with another lion.

One day he visited Bostock's Animal Circus and stood before a cage that held four young lions watching about a hundred people

"I'd like to have one of those cubs," he said to the owner.

"It's yours, Bob, if you'll help yourself."

"How do you mean help yourself?" inquired the now thoroughly mystified pugilist.

"Walk into the cage and take it."

"That's easy."

"Maybe. But those cubs just chased the trainer out of the cage."

Fitz grinned, walked to the back of the cage, opened the door and stepped inside. He talked with the growling lions for awhile in soothing tones, rubbed their backs, and finally picked up the likeliest looking one in his arms and walked out of the cage with it. The owner of the animals had not thought of this possibility, and was somewhat taken aback when he saw the valuable property vanishing. But he conquered his first impulse to knock Fitzsimmons down and recapture the lion, and so Bob was permitted to retain the beast.

The name of this beast was Senator, and he became the dogfish companion of Fitzsimmons, following him along a crowded street without chain or muzzle and paying no attention to anything or anybody but his master. Their friendship ripened as the months passed, but when spring came along one year after the lion had grown up he seemed to pine. Medicine failed to restore him, and finally it was concluded that Senator ought to be handed over to a zoo before he would find other interests. This was done, and Senator became mated to a lioness. The two lived happily for several months, but not Bob. He yearned for his lion, and one day when his emotions had almost overpowered him he appeared at the zoo office and announced briefly that he wanted his lion back. He was told that he was welcome to Senator, but that it would be as much as his life was worth to enter the cage and try to separate the couple, who were enjoying a protracted honeymoon. But Bob did not weaken. He entered the cage, hailed Senator and walked off with him before the outraged spouse could collect her thoughts. But it was not long afterward that Senator came on a horse and dragged it to the ground. Fitz, who was nearby, whacked the animal on the head with a farm tool he had in his hand, and knocked Senator out. He repented his violence and sewed up the wound with his own freckled hands, but the tie between them had become weakened, and in a few weeks more Senator was returned to the zoo.

The Other Goose.

At a dinner party one gentleman arriving late, found a seat reserved for him near the head of the table, where the goose was being carved. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with a pleasant smile, "I am to sit by the goose." Then observing the lady on the next chair, he made hastecto add, "I mean the roasted one, of course."

Women to Wear Trousers.

Women will be wearing trousers, and the skirt will be entirely cast aside in thirty years' time, says M. Paul Poiret, the famous French dressmaker.

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UP IN THE AIR

By CECILLE LANGDON

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

"I'm all up in the air!" muttered Hiram Scripps in a dazed way.

"Don't say that, neighbor," urged his friend, Robert Wade. "Think, man, think! You had it once. It's got to come back to you again."

"Think?" repeated Hiram gladly. "I've done nothing else but think ever since that happened," and he pointed sorrowfully toward the charred ruins of a burned down shed at the rear of the lot. "To have the model of my great invention working like a charm, to have a big capitalist offer me a fortune for it, and now—ashes!"

"Cheer up, old friend," consoled Wade. "You needn't tell me that a man of your genius and ability won't be able to make over what you once made."

"I can, all but the little jigger that was the soul of the whole device," replied Hiram. "It simply won't come to me, and without it the new model is simply kindling wood. Oh! I'm not mourning the loss of a fortune. It's Miss Tibetts I'm fretting about."

"That's bad, Hiram," observed Wade.

"Yes, it's good," dissented Hiram with emotion. "It's good because I've found out how much I love her, dear, sweet angel that she is! Wade, when I had spent the last cent of the money I got from mortgaging my place here and didn't know where to turn to get enough to finish my model, that lovely, unselfish being drew her savings out of bank, five hundred dollars, and forced it on me to help me out. Oh! the shame of not being able to pay her back will crush me. What will she say or think?"

"Say? That you could have more if she had it. Think? More of you than ever. It's the way of women—love, pity, sacrifice. Don't fret on that score. Get your mind on something else for a while, and before you know it the little jigger you can't remember will pop into your mind, I say, there's a genius in town. Let's stroll down to it and take a look at things."

"It won't interest me one bit," declared Hiram.

The two friends reached the vacant lot where the big white tents invited, but Hiram was in an abstracted mood, and the glowing canvas daubs held no attraction for the unhappy inventor.

"Let her go!" came the order, and the gay ropes of a show balloon were released and the distended monster sagged and swayed.

"Hi! out of the way there."

The yell was directed at Hiram. It startled him out of his preoccupation, but he did not move quickly enough to evade a bunch of trailing ropes. One of them whipped about him, tugged, tightened, and he was lifted from his feet. He grasped at the rope to steady himself. Then aloft he went.

Wade was awed, horrified. The crowd thrilled, the balloon men on the ground shouted wildly to the operator, but up like an arrow, fairly one hundred feet, shot Hiram.

Later, when questioned as to his unique experience, Hiram Scripps avowed that such a thing as fear never occurred to him. He declared that the sensation was one of exhilarating buoyancy. His mentality seemed released from all natural bonds. In a flash there came to him, clear, perfect, remembrance of the part of his machine that he had so vainly sought to grasp.

The startled ballonist turned a valve and began to descend. As Hiram's feet struck the top of a roof the rope slacked and he let go of it. The balloon swayed free of him, but Hiram, left without support, rolled down the roof and struck the ground with a shock.

"Oh, he's killed!" groaned Wade, as Hiram lay insensible. "Get a doctor, quick!"

A physician happened to be on the grounds. He hurried to the spot.

"A bad bump on his head, but no bones broken," he reported.

Just then Hiram opened his eyes. A glorious smile illuminated his face. In another moment he relapsed into unconsciousness, but not until he had shouted out rapturously:

"A concentric shaft and two ratchets—hurrah!"

"Mind gone—concussion of the brain," pronounced the physician dolefully. "Get him home quick."

It was several hours later when Hiram opened his eyes. Beside his couch were two willing nurses—Miss Miranda Tibetts and her married sister.

"And oh, Janet!" the former was sobbing, "what if his brilliant mind never recovers! And oh! I love him so, and if he was a mere beggar I would work and die for him, if necessary."

"You say that, you loving sweetest of all womankind!" cried out Hiram, startling the ladies by bolting upright. "Then life is indeed worth living. Oh, Miranda! the golden luck. A concentric bar and two ratchets—Hurrah!"

"Oh, my dear!—my dear!" pleaded Miranda, breaking down utterly, "forget such wretched ravings!"

"Ravings?" fairly shouted Hiram. "Why, that means that I remember the important mechanism that had escaped my memory. Up in the air no longer, my darling! I can finish the model now. We're rich, my sweet, and yours shall be the fortune that is now ours! Janet, send myself in the bargain, if you will have me."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

One of the Richest Countries of Europe.

A provisional trade agreement between Canada and Czechoslovakia came into force with the beginning of the current year. By the terms of the agreement the Dominion of Canada extends to the products of the Czechoslovak Republic the rates of the intermediate tariff, while Czechoslovakia in return extends most-favored-nation treatment to a selected list of Canadian products comprising in all seventy-one items of the Czechoslovak Customs Tariff. This list includes those products which Canada is most interested in exporting to the Czechoslovak Republic, such as grain, flour, fresh and dried fish, seeds, meat, butter, cheese, lard, live cattle and other animals, honey, fish; canned fish, meat, fruits and vegetables; minerals and metals; rubber footwear, rubber tires, agricultural tools and machinery, adding machines, automobiles, and a number of other products of less importance.

Czechoslovakia is one of the richest countries of Europe, both as regards natural resources and industrial development. Agriculture is highly developed, and intensive farming is carried on. Large quantities of beet sugar are produced; live stock is numerous; apples and pears are raised in abundance; the country is richly wooded; and the mineral production comprises both soft and hard coal, iron, graphite, salt, lead, copper, silver and gold.

Czechoslovakia has an area of 54,207 square miles, which is equal to about one-fifth the area of the Province of Manitoba. Its population numbers 12,700,000.

THE WOODPECKER.

Have Red or Scarlet Patch Somewhere About the Head.

Three hundred and seventy-five varieties of woodpeckers are known to inhabit the wooded portions of the world. Twenty-four of this number are found in North America.

The American three-toed woodpecker is a more northern species. In Alaska it frequents the form in rather common, and it would seem that the Arctic species is more frequently met with on the eastern side of the continent.

A noticeable characteristic of the woodpecker family is that the majority of them are adorned with a patch of red or scarlet somewhere about the head.

The Arctic three-toed member of the numerous family has no ground have another claim to distinction besides the lesser number of toes, in that the patch of color on the crown of the head is yellow, instead of the usual red with which the majority of the tribe are adorned.

The golden-fronted of the Arctic species is a uniform black on the back, a patch of yellow on the crown of the head of the male, solid black on the female, white bars on the wings, and underneath parts white; tail feathers unbarred, the outer feathers white and the central black. The American bird may be readily distinguished from the former by the presence of white bars on the back and black spots on the white feathers of the tail.

The Rat-Hunter.

While a Leicester (England) farmer and his friends were out ratting with a fox-terrier, a large hawk was seen following and hovering about them. Suddenly the dog disappeared, subsequent outing the bird appeared on the scene, until its hunger and killing tendencies overcame its natural timidity of man, and it took an active part in the expedition.

As the men are hunting, it flies a few feet above their heads, occasionally alighting and hopping about their feet waiting for the rats. As soon as the terrier makes a kill the big wooden form on the body and carries it away. Should the dog miss a chance and the rat appear to be escaping, the bird descends rapidly and does the killing.

Listen to Your Eyes.

The Royal Eye Hospital, London, England, has a room in which the clicking of your eyelids can be heard distinctly.

The walls, floor, and ceiling of this room have been constructed so as to be absolutely impervious to the slightest external sound. This being so, exact degree of deafness can be determined scientifically.

This hospital, which was only opened recently, fills a long-felt want. It is estimated that at least 50,000 children attending elementary schools suffer from some form of ear affection, and that quite seventy per cent of them can be permanently cured if treatment is undertaken at an early age.

OILING A CRANK.

Engineer Turns Table on Practical Joker.

The palatial steamer, Mary Powell, was on her daily trip up the Hudson. A number of passengers had gathered around the open door of the engine-room, looking with interest at the movements of the ponderous machinery. Among the passengers was Sam Foster, a New York gentleman who is a practical joker. He is a young man of means, and was elegantly dressed. He is, moreover, a very good amateur ventriloquist. "Now, boys," said Foster, "let us have some fun with the engineer." A creaking, squeaking noise was heard among the machinery. The engineer was somewhat startled, and with great industry and an oil-can he lubricated various and sundry parts of the machinery. The can contained half a pint of oil. Foster judged one of his companions in the ribs, and soon afterwards the machinery squeaked again. Once more the engineer calmed down a supposed piston by anointing it with his alleviator. The squeaking still continued, and Foster pointed out the place that in his opinion needed oiling. The engineer took up his alleviator, and, removing the cork, poured the contents down the back of the festive Foster and over his elegant suit of clothes. "There," said the engineer, "I don't think that crank will squeak again in a hurry!"

The Old-Time Whistler.

What has become of the old-time whistler who really could whistle? asks the Toronto Globe. Seems as though nowadays the only persons who whistle in public are those who cannot even follow a tune. We remember a time when there were men and boys who whistled on their way to and from work who were a delight to listen to—quite as welcome and as entertaining as the birds in springtime. That sort of whistler seemed to disappear with the horse-and-buggy age. In those days most teamsters were good whistlers.

The Victoria Cross.

The Victoria Cross was instituted on January 29, 1856, on the close of the Crimean War. It is awarded for conspicuous bravery. It was extended in 1911 and 1920. This decoration is worn before all others, on the left breast, and consists of a bronze Maltese Cross 1½ inches in diameter, with the Royal Crown surmounted by a lion, and beneath is the inscription, "For Valour."

An Ingenious Device.

Much of the heat wasted in gas-cooking can be saved and used again by the use of an ingenious device. Excess heat from burners in the front of the stove is conducted to the back and used under other utensils.

One Man Told the Truth.

Only one man when in love ever told the truth. That was Adam when he said, "Eve, you're the only woman in the world for me."

The House Fly.

The common house fly is found in practically every portion of the globe

A LOYAL HELPER

By ALVAH J. GARTH

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

"I am not given to slang," remarked Alison Buford," but the select committee of the mogul of Lyndon handed me a lemon."

"You expressed your views clearly."

"Pure, simple fraternalism, Ross. I observed dissatisfaction the moment I tackled the broad platform of humanity. War over, all pitching in for the higher reconstruction and work in hand, classes and masses alike, to build up a new and better world, and that line of thought."

"I see," said Willie Ross meditatively. "Between you and myself, however, I think you overdid the thing."

"In what way?"

"You see, there's a rock-ribbed group of aristocrats who rule the upper town here. They are less than 200, while the people in the lower town number something like 1,300. Upper Lyndon rules the roost because it has influence and money. To attempt to stir these bred-in-the-bone plutocrats to anything like progress is to invade their time-honored system as a vandal. A bad move, Buford. You ought to have preached generalities and wound up with a tribute to the sense and power of the men who hold the bulk of business, or something like that."

"Well, I guess I've made a mess of it," acknowledged Buford rather ruefully. "I need the nomination here to carry the county, and I fear I will never get it. By the way, the young lady you got to copy my speech for me—she went her typewritten manuscript to the hotel, but no bill. Where will I find her?"

"At home, I fancy, just now, for it is after school hours. Miss Gladys Earle, 282 West Grove street. It's a two minutes' walk."

Alison Buford was a trifle nettled as he started out to locate the neat, trim little school teacher to whom Ross had intrigued him long days previous.

She was at home, and plainly told him the cost of her labor, and accepted payment in a businesslike, matter-of-fact way, but, as Buford arose to leave, bestowed a frank look of interest upon him and said:

"Would you feel I was presumptuous, Mr. Buford, if I made a suggestion as to your business in Lyndon?"

"Why no, not at all," replied Buford.

"I have heard how your speech was received, and perhaps I might have the start to say that it would not bring you success. It has occurred to me that you should not give up your mission in any faint-hearted way until you have looked over the ground a little more closely. While the exclusive set has considerable influence, they do not always control the votes and votes are what you are after, are they not?"

"Well, spoke so clearly, womanly of tone, yet forcefully, that Buford realized that here was a genuine helpful spirit, and that she was going out of her way to do him service.

"If you would write out a new speech along the lines you went on, and along new lines, I know you would make an impression on the community."

"You mean to appear before those high and pompous dictators and beg for a recognition? Is it not in their stubborn nature to award?" spoke Buford spiritedly. "Well, no."

"Lyndon needs many things the dominant set will never see to, Mr. Buford. There is a far cry for a man to represent the real majority in this district. I do not ask you to appeal again to the magnates of the upper town, but to the people of the lower town. Shall I suggest a text? Then go among them on the basis of a champion of their sanitary needs. The lower town needs drainage and water system, long denied them, because of its cost and the selfish avarice of men who take no heed as to the rights of these fellow men lower in the scale. Pledge yourself to the improvement I indicate, make the fight squarely on that issue. Your hearers will realize that not only will the improvement give work, but will add to the health and welfare of their wives and children."

A new inspiration came to Alison Buford as he listened to an adviser whose every word more and more enforcing his respect and admiration. It was three evenings later when he made the address of his life, to be cheered to the echo by brawny, earnest men, who traced in his words the sincerity of one looking for the betterment of their environment. More cherished than this ovation, however, was the discovery that way back in the audience, following his every word with glowing eyes, was the little school teacher who had given counsel and sympathy when he needed it most. Alison felt it his duty to call upon her first the morning that the newspapers announced his nomination as president of the county board.

"I heard," said Gladys brightly, "the laurels have been given where they were truly deserved."

His eyes were tender at the thought of how fully she had come into his career.

"Without you I should have come out of the struggle a disappointed man," he spoke earnestly. "You will not go out of my life, Gladys, when I tell you that I love you," and the sweet flush of pride and affection upon her cheek told Alison Buford that he had not pleaded vainly.

A CURIOUS STORY.

Institution Founded by Mother Who Thought Her Child Dead.

Lady Aberdeen, in her capacity of president of the International Council of Women, lately visited Jugo-slavia, Bulgaria and Rumania. In a delightful article in the Yorkshire Evening News on her visit she relates the following:

"A curious story, and one worthy to be the foundation of a novel, was told me as we were going round a palatial institution for the care of orphan and deserted infant children."

"A princess, who is a leading member of the Board of Management, said to me, 'This institution was founded by my mother in my memory,' and, on asking for a further explanation of this mystifying statement, she told me she was stolen by her mother from her mother as an infant and secretly conveyed to a small orphanage in England, where she was brought up entirely ignorant of her family and origin. Her mother sought for her in vain, and died without knowing if her child was alive or dead, and she founded in her memory St. Caterina Institution for Little Children.

"When the mother died, Caterina's father immediately took steps to let his daughter, who was now fifteen, know about her parentage. The child, however, refused to have had at once an instinctive fear of her father, who had adopted such an extraordinary course in order to ensure his possession of his daughter and her inheritance, and she fled from the orphanage, and found her way to Berlin, Paris afterward, asking to be trained as a nurse in the institution founded in her memory by her mother.

"Her desire was granted, and subsequently she was married, and has become one of the principal directors of the St. Caterina's. As she said to me: 'My father forgot to count on the fact that I had inherited from him his own characteristics of determination and self-will'."

ROSE AS ONTARIO'S FLOWER

Adaptable for Cottage Garden or Multi-Millionaire Estate.

That the rose, queen of flowers, might judiciously be chosen as Ontario's floral emblem was the suggestion of H. J. Moore, Government lecturer, from the Department of Horticulture, addressing the Rose Society of Ontario, recently.

Mr. Moore's intense interest in rose culture was evident as he paid homage to the flower. While the exhibit was equally adaptable for the cottage garden and the estate of the multi-millionaire, Mr. Moore intimated that he would like to see the rose made the national flower, but supposed some, however, would find this objectionable, as with it would fall the emblem of Canada. In making the rose the flower of Ontario he suggested that honor would be done to the Motherland, whose beautiful emblem is the rose.

The rose, claimed Mr. Moore, was the most beautiful of all flowers blossoming in the garden during the summer and the autumn and thriving in the greenhouse during the winter. It was adaptable for planting in beds, hedges, covering ugly walls and fences, training over trellis or pergolas. The cultural methods of roses he emphasized the importance of severe pruning and the necessity of protection from winter's chill. Spraying with water, he said, should never be attempted during the evening, as there was danger of mildew.

"Safety First" Medallists.

In the fighting forces medals are awarded for bravery, but in civilian life there are now medals for caution. These are awarded by the Royal "Safety First" Association of Britain to drivers of any class of road vehicle who have completed seven years without any blameworthy accident. A diploma is given at the end of each accident-free year, and at the end of the fifth year the silver medal. After that a bar is awarded for each further year in which the driver qualifies.

If funds permit, the association hopes to add a gold medallion to mark ten consecutive years with a "clean sheet," or fifteen years free of accident out of twenty.

The White Tower.

The "White Tower" is the name given to the largest and most important of the buildings composing the Tower of London. It was built about 1078 by King William I., the Norman Conqueror, but was added to and strengthened by several of William's successors. Until the time of the Stuarts it was used both as a palace and as a state prison. A menagerie existed in the White Tower down to 1831, when the animals were removed to the Zoological Gardens. The Tower contains a fine collection of armor.

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-LAW
I—LAW—BY WELLINGTON
Y-YOU'RE NOT GOIN' T' KEEP A $100,000 DIAMOND NECKLACE HERE IN TH' HOUSE ALL TH' TIME, I HOPE YA?
WHY NOT? I DON'T WANT TO BE RUNNING DOWN TO THE SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULTS EVERY TIME I WANT TO WEAR IT!
B-BUT MA—SOMEBODY'S LIABLE T' STEAL IT!
SO? I'D LIKE TO SEE ANYONE TRY IT! I SHALL KEEP IT ON MY PERSON AT ALL TIMES AND—JUST LET A THIEF TRY TO TAKE IT OFF!
© 1927 NEA SERVICE INC.
ER-WELL—I KINDA DOUBT IF THAT COULD BE DONE WHILE YOU WAS AWAKE BUT—IT'S DIFFERENT WHEN YOURE SLEEPIN'!
I SHALL BE GUARDED WHILE I SLEEP!
I'VE PLANNED TO HAVE YOU AND CEDRIC TAKE TURNS AT STANDING WATCH AT MY BEDROOM DOOR EVERY NIGHT!
wellington

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SHOES FROM SHARKS

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In Western Australia and South Africa, a new and profitable industry is springing up—catching sharks for leather.

These giant fish, so long regarded as the pests of the ocean, are destined to become a very valuable commercial product. Experts who have recently investigated the shark market tell us that nothing of this sea monster need be wasted. The only trouble and expense will be the actual catching—the rest is profit.

The shark's head is made into glue, jewellers have a use for its teeth, and medicinal oils are obtained from its liver and intestines. Even its bones are made into a fertiliser, and so is most of the flesh.

The flesh is even eaten in some countries, especially in China and among the native races of the African coast. The hide makes fine and durable leather, varying in thickness according to the age of the fish. An old shark will have hide an inch thick whilst a baby's will be the thickness of paper.

Experts in the new industry claim that shark's leather is equal in all respects to ordinary leather, and the fact that it can be prepared for use in fifteen days, as against the six months required by other hides, enhances its commercial value considerably.

The hide is highly durable. Suede shoes of the finest quality can be made from it, whilst for bags, suit cases, and general upholstery work it has stood the test. Its claims to be waterproof and non-cracking have also been established by experience in its use, and for furniture the natural colors of the hide are preserved.

A shark of average size should yield about ten square feet of leather suitable for boots and shoes, while its thinner hide, found on the stomach, can be used for lighter articles such as handbags.

Dr. Alfred Ehrenreich, to whose initiative the new industry owes its birth, tells us that the number of sharks in the various seas is inexhaustible. In some seas, like the Gulf of Mexico, about 1 000 000 sharks are born each day. There are 514 species of shark, varying in length from a few feet up to 60 feet.

How are the sharks to be caught in sufficient numbers to sustain a great and growing industry? Here again we are indebted to Dr. Ehrenreich, who has discovered an easy way to catch these sea tigers by what is called gill nets. These nets are specially woven, and have a mesh of about twenty inches. When chasing small fish which can rush through the large mesh, the shark gets hung up by the gills, and it trapped. The nets are set near the coast so that the huge catch can be easily trawled ashore.

Off the American coast as many as a hundred sharks have been taken in one net. This means big money, and those who have made a start in the new industry have struck a Klondike.

The Brainiest Bird.

"The brainiest bird of all is the crow," writes Dan McCowan, naturalist. "The owl only looks like wisdom personified. A certain farmer who was greatly annoyed by crows digging up his seed potatoes, erected a scare crow. The crows only laughed a raucous laugh at this silly subterfuge. Then the farmer erected a little hut and had a man go into it with a shot gun. The crows kept at their distance. Next day he sent two men into the hut, and one came out very soon afterward. The crows were not fooled. The farmer sent in three men, four men, up to seven. Each time he had one man remain in the hut. It was not till the seven went in that the crows were trapped—which proved that they could count and subtract up to seven."

Mr. McCowan is not an enemy of the crow. He thinks they have an important job to do. He knows from personal observation that they destroy cutworms. He blames man for crows becoming a pest in some localities. "It is always man who destroys the balance in nature," this Canadian naturalist avers.

A Prolonged Note.

A celebrated soprano in the Old Country had been practicing very hard all morning, and eventually the foreman of a gang of workmen rang the bell and insisted on seeing her.

"Are you the lady wot's been singing all the mornin'?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "Have you enjoyed it?"

"Well, mum," he said, "it isn't exactly that; I was going to ask you if you'd mind not 'anging on to that top note so long next time. My men 'ave knocked off for dinner three times!"

The Sailor's "Grog."

"Old Grog" was a nick-name of Admiral John Vernon, of the British navy, who lived from 1684 to 1757. He used to wear trousers made of grogram, a coarse fabric of wool and silk, no longer manufactured. He roused the anger of his sailors by ordering that they should mix water with their daily ration of spirits. Hence the name "grog" came to be applied to rum and water served out to sailors.

Mythology.

Mythology may be described as a collection of fables and traditions referring to the forces of nature, to national heroes and to the pagan gods. The nature-myths are primitive attempts to explain the processes of nature, and may be looked upon as the beginning of natural science. The hero-myths are akin to sacred mythology.

The Coronation Spoon.

The Coronation Spoon in the Tower of London is believed to be the oldest English silver spoon still existing.

Girl Babies Hardier Than Boys.

The death-rate is 19 per cent. greater among boys than girls during the first year of life.

Fighting With Feathers.

In a battle fought in B.C. 189, one army filled the air with feathers, set them on fire, and blew the smoke with bellows into the faces of their enemies.

Drink Water Before Breakfast.

As an antidote to an over-generous diet, hot water drunk at breakfast time or a glass or two of cold water on first rising is suggested.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the pastor.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Passion Week services each evening at 7.30 o'clock. Program announced elsewhere.
Easter Sunday evening—The choir will give Maunders' cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace."

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Lowe Bros. Paint.

What makes Lowe Bros. paint cheaper, is because it covers more, lasts longer.

BOYLE & SON.

Napanee Women's Institute.

The regular meeaing will be held in the usual place on Tuesday, April 12th, at 2.30 p.m. District President will give an address. Roll Call, "Saving Steps About the House." Social half hour. Collection.

Sale of Automobiles.

A number of different makes of automobiles, in good order, will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, April 9th, at 2 p.m. at E. O. Ungar's garage, corner of Dundas and Robert streets. Reserve bid. 18-b

Private Sale.

14 days only, sale ends April 16th. 1 extension table, 6 dining room chairs, 1 Morris arm chair, 2 leather chairs, 2 iron beds complete, 2 toilet sets, 1 quarter Oak Dresser, 1 quarter Oak Buffet, 1 quarter Oak wash stand, 1 white enamel wash stand, 1 Quebec cook stove, 1 Doherty six Octave Organ, 12 window shades.

R. H. PAUL,
19-b Adelphi St.

Collegiate Commencement.

As the Collegiate will not be large enough to accommodate all the parents and friends who wish to attend the annual Commencement Exercises, these will be held on both Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. The same programme will be given each night in the Assembly room and the gymnasium. Each program will be typed so that two copies may see the gymnastic exercises and dances in the gymnasium, as well as hear the entertainment in the Assembly room. Either a Friday or Thursday ticket will admit the holder to either night. On Thursday evening the diplomas and medals will be presented, and on Friday evening the athletic trophies will be awarded.

For Courage and Initiative.

Employees of the Bell Telephone construction forces, and other branches of the service, have received a thorough training in first aid, and as a result, have been able to render valuable help in critical circumstances, not only to fellow employees, but to other victims of accident or injury, to the saving of both life and property. The Bell Company has established a plan of awards and citations for conspicuous service of this kind. Each year, in the Company's Annual Report, mention is made of the names of those especially deserving of commendation. In the 1926 report the names of twelve employees are cited—two of them "for an Act of Courage, initiative and public service performed while on duty."

Basketball.

Before a large and enthusiastic gathering of pupils, ex-pupils and townspeople, Bellville High School retained the Bay of Quinte interscholastic basketball championship on Friday evening, when they defeated the Napanee Collegiate team by the close score of 23-20. In the game played in Bellville a week ago the home team won out by three points and the locals were confident of overcoming this lead in the game on Friday night, and thus winning the championship. The locals were without the services of one of their best players in the person of Ralph Cowle, who was injured in the game played in Belleville. At the end of the game the teams were tied on one round, and in the overtime period the visitors came across with the deciding points, thus capturing the championship. Quite a number of supporters, as well as the local orchestra accompanied the team to Napanee and at the conclusion of the game the visitors were entertained after which a social hour was spent in dancing.

Humane Society Claims Bad Case.

One of the worst cases of ill treatment of cattle which has ever been brought to the attention of the Humane Society in years, was found on Friday afternoon last, when Inspector Alex. Ward, of Kingston, visited the Gordanier farm, two miles east of Napanee. Chief of Police Wood telephoned the Kingston Humane Society on Friday and asked if the inspector could accompany him to a farm near Napanee. Mr. Ward in answer to the request met the chief of police and they went to the farm where it was claimed they found a terrible state of affairs. It was without doubt one of the worst cases of ill treatment to cattle and horses which has been brought to the attention of he Humane Society. Mr. Ward came to Napanee on Saturday and swore out a summons and the owner will face trial on the charge of ill treating the animals. Conditions were so bad that they had to shoot one cow and a brood sow, which were simply dying from the want of food. H. W. Smith, veterinary surgeon, of Napanee, who was called to the farm by Inspector Ward, advised that the animals be destroyed. At the conclusion of the trial on Tuesday, Mrs. Gordanier and her son, E. Gordanier were fined $25.00 each and costs.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Sand Hill Church: Organization of Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Gretna Church: Sunday School 10.30 a.m.; Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7:00—Evening prayer.

Sermon by Rev. E. S. Radcliffe, B.C.L., Rector of St. Mark's Church, Deseronto.

Daily Lenten services at 8.30 a.m. and (except Wednesday) at 5 p.m. Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.

Low Price Tea Usually Deception.

A low price for tea today means only one thing—poor quality. A lot of poor quality teas are now being offered. The public should be advised not to buy them.

Brighten Up.

Your home surroundings.. Use Martin-Senour 100% pure paints, varnishes and Brushing Lacquers. A finish for every purpose. Also oils, brushes, etc.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Notice.

The insurance business formerly conducted by the late M. C. Bogart has been taken over by J. W. Metzler.

C. B. DALY,
19-f Executor.

Plowing Under Way.

Plowing has been started in the County of Frontenac. Thomas Cashman and William McKendry, two farmers who live at Glenburnie, started plowing operations on Tuesday last. Last fall, on account of wet weather, a large number of farmers were unable to proceed with plowing, which means a great deal more to be done this spring. Farmers say that this is about the earliest that plowing has ever been started in this part of the Province.

Farm and Dairy Picture Puzzle.

The correct answer to the Picture Puzzle published for the Farm and Dairy, Peterborough, was 3,278. While a great many did not succeed in securing the correct answer, over 100 secured the right solution. For this reason the 100 prizes are being reserved for those who secured the correct answer, and tie-breaker puzzles have been sent to them, which they are now working on. The final results of the contest will not be known until towards the end of April.

Always fresh — Your favorite Laura Secord Candy, direct from the Toronto studio, at Wallace's, 60c. a lb.

Delay is Dangerous.

Reservations are being steadily received for the Kerr-Bryson Tours and the available accommodation is being rapidly looked up. The Kerr-Bryson Western Tour which will travel to the Pacific Coast via the Canadian National Railways, returning through the United States, including a stop-over in Jasper National Park, Mount Robson, the Inside Passage of the North Pacific Coast, Yellowstone National Park and Pike's Peak, sentinel of the Colorado Rockies. The Kerr-Bryson Eastern Tour will include visits to many of the interesting spots which figured so prominently in the struggle between France and Britain for the possession of the new empire, Montreal (originally the Indian Village of Hochelaga), Quebec City, with its vivid memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, Cape Breton, Annapolis and Boston. If you wish to make sure of your place in one of these tours, you will be well advised to make your reservation now. Send for handsomely illustrated descriptive booklets to E. C. Bradley, General Passenger Agent, Canadian National Railways, Toronto, or to Martin Kerr, 1 Beulah Ave., Hamilton, or J. E. Bryson, 44 Silverthorn Ave., Toronto.

If You Burn Wood.

Try a good big load of Wilson's Mill Blocks at $4.00. This is kiln dried hardwood, free from bark, and a good size for any stove or range.

WILFRID S. WILSON.

The first of a thrilling series of stories based on the early fur trading days in the North West, written by Samuel Alexander White is one of the notable features of the April number of Rod and Gun and Silver Fox News, which is just issued. The story, "Blended Brigades," however, is only one item of a table of contents. Bonnycastle Dale has an interesting miscellany of nature notes from the Maritimes. H. Mortimer Batten F.Z.S. writes this month about the porcupine and the skunk.

Valuable woodcrafting information is contained in W. C. McKay's "Outdoor Talk" while the angling, gun and kennel specialists have also very good departments. The matter of national conservation of fish and game resources is the subject of considerable discussion in the April issue.

ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ontario.

One Robin doesn't make the Spring. Lots of cold weather ahead. VANLUVEN, Phone 92. A Black Business Handled White.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30—"An Hour of Bible Study."

THE MONGREL DOG

Not One Dog-Owner In Ten Has the Sense to Appreciate Him.

More than 76 per cent. of the dog in America are mongrels? "Crost breed" is a better and more descriptive word. To write of only 24 per cent. of any genus and to ignore the remaining 76 per cent. would be as foolishly unjust as to mention only the leisure class or the professional folk of a country and leave the rest of the populace unspoken of.

How many humans are pure-bred; asks C. Bertrude Dale in Forest and Outdoors. How many can trace their genealogy unbroken for ten generations, with no admixture of foreign blood? Look back a few generations and you will find the average American is a blend of half a dozen nationalities. Why demand in our dogs a purity of pedigree which many of their masters do not possess?

The mongrel, or crossbred dog is as likely to be a good chum and guard as is his blue-blooded brother of the show-bench. He has a score of advantages over that brother. For example, he is infinitely stronger. Every year, thousands of thoroughbreds die from distemper. Not half of them die when a most dreaded of all canine diseases attacks them. In some distemper epidemics the mortality is 90 per cent.

Who ever heard of a mongrel dying of distemper. Rarely does the disease find toe-hold in his rugged system. If it does, he is likely to go around, glum and miserable for a day or two, and then blossom out with new spirits and appetite, as well as ever. It is so with any other malady afflicts him. He is the healthiest dog on earth. Often he is the most beautiful, thanks to his blend of breeds.

You have watched the so-called "animal acts" in vaudeville. Well, in nearly all of those "animal acts" you will notice that the dogs are mongrels. Very few are pedigreed thoroughbreds.

We are prone to value and to develop anything, in direct ratio to its cost to us, says Mr. Terhune. The mongrel suffers by that human fault. For instance, if we spend several hundred dollars on a well-bred dog, we are prone to see that we get all the best in him to justify our expenditure and to get some of the worth of our money. So we train him and "humanize" him and finish proof him much care and education. When the result justifies the cash and the labor, we are vastly proud.

But when we pay from fifty cents to two dollars for a mongrel dog, to guard the house and for the children to play with, we have no such extravagance to make good on. Because he costs little or nothing we are likely to assume that he is worth little or nothing. And we waste scant time or brain in developing his latent possibilities.

If a thoroughbred were neglected thus, he would amount to nothing. Often, in spite of lack of training, a mongrel turns out to be an ideal chum and guard and picks up more clever accomplishments than would a pure-bred. In fact, we are prone to say, parenthetically of him: "Of course, he's only a mutt. But he's got quite a lot of sense—for a mongrel."

Spend one-half the care and the time and the intelligence in training your "mutt" that you would spend on a $500 bench-winner, and your cur-dog will astonish you with his intelligence. But you must approach him eagerly to learn and to pick up your ways and those of your household. In short, you can develop him into the best chum-dog in all the canine category. Give him a chance. That is all he asks, and he has a right to it.

The Startled Steward.

Statesmen are not usually great sailors, but Lord Goschen, who probably slept at sea, and Lord Goschen, in the days when he ruled "The Queen's Navee," was always a victim when he stepped on board a warship. So too was Sir William Harcourt, who was dining on board a man-of-war when a storm threatened, and he was advised to occupy the captain's stateroom for the night. Sir William thought the arrangement good, and went to bed. Now gentlemen who sail should be said, a very small man—forgot to tell the steward of the arrangement, with the result that at 2 o'clock the steward on a back-stairs was heard at the door of the stateroom. No answer coming, and having knocked again in vain, the steward opened the door and asked, "Don't you want your coffee this morning, sir?" Sir William, we are told, turned over with a groan, and dropping the cup and saucer the affrighted steward ran to the ship surgeon's office. "For Heaven's sake, sir, come to the captain!" he shouted out. "He's speechless and swollen to ten times his natural size!"

Vikings.

Vikings of the early Middle Ages took their name from the fact that they were dwellers along the inlets or creeks of Scandinavia. They were also known as Norsemen and seakovers. They ravaged the coasts of England and Northern France in the ninth and tenth centuries. Norsemen took possession of the coast country of France and became knowns as Normans.

The Gate of Tears.

Bab-el-Mandeb, meaning the "gate of tears," is the name of the strait, 14 miles in width, uniting the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean. It was so-called in ancient times because of the danger of navigation. A lighthouse has been erected by the British Government on the Island of Perim in the middle of the strait.

A Weighty Affair.

The first phonograph, invented by Thomas Edison nearly fifty years ago was made of cast iron and weighed over a hundred pounds.

Be Yourself.

No man succeeds long in being what he isn't.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Seton Jevons, who has a small part in "HIGH HAT," Robert Kane's latest comedy. He says he is the most unlucky man in the world.

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"THE HOME MAKER," a Universay Jewel King Baggot production, featuring Alice Joyce and Clive Brook.

Also a two reel comedy.

And other reels.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

One of the most stirring tales of the West seen on the screen for a long time is "BLUE BLAZES," the Lariat Production, released by Universal. The star is Pete Morrison, noted delineator of Western roles.

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Rogers' Batteryless Radio.

The last word in Radio production. No batteries, no chemicals. Just plug in on the electric socket. Superior in tone quality and simple to operate. See it and hear it at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

MAN OF 60 HELPED BY SIMPLE MIXTURE

"After taking Adlerika I feel better than for years. At my age (60) it is ideal—so different from other medicines," (signed) W. W. Carter. Adlerika is a simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., which removes GAS in ten minutes and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Brings out old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

Your Eyes Deserve
The Best Optical Attention
The Care of Your Eyes is Very Essential!
See Us---And See Better
DR. LESLIE LEWIS
Eyesight Specialist

NEVER BEFORE---
A WINDSOR PLAN SALE

Prices established by the Trade Association Used Car Market Report, known the country over as the Windsor Plan.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF RECONDITIONED
USED CARS
Goes on Sale at 9 a. m.
Saturday April 9th, 1927

At lowest price scale ever known in Canada—splendid interesting values—Nothing reserved.

These prices tell the story.

Purchase your car from this page now and profit!

Best of Terms. We Trade.

1. Willys-Knight Touring—newly painted, splendid top, complete with brand new side curtains, windshield cleaner, equipped with four good tires, (1 brand new), leather upholstering as good as new, thoroughly overhauled, an exceptional car—Pay me $200 down, balance twelve months.

2. Overland 90 Touring—sport model, windshield, 4 good tires, 1 fair spare tire, good top, thoroughly overhauled, windshield wings, front bumper.—Pay me $125 down, balance twelve months.

3. Overland 90 Touring—newly painted, new top complete with side curtains, upholstering in splendid condition, 5 good tires, completely overhauled. Pay me $100 down, balance twelve months.

4. Ford Coupe—late model 1925, newly painted, 5 good tires, equipped with bumper and shock absorbers' front and rear, windshield cleaner, in excellent condition.—Pay me $150 down, balance in twelve months.

5. Overland 4 Touring—4 good tires, one new spare tire, newly painted, and thoroughly overhauled.—Pay me $100 down, balance twelve months.

6. Overland 91 Sedan—newly painted, 5 good tires, windshield cleaner, electric stop light, rear vision mirror, motor meter, curtains, upholstering as good as new—a real buy—Pay me $125 down, balance twelve months.

7. Overland 4 Sport Roadster—newly painted, 5 good tires, top good, complete with side curtains, windshield wings, overhauled, mechanical condition A 1—Pay me $100 down, balance twelve months.

8. Ford Touring—starter, new top and complete with side curtains, four good tires and one fair tire, a good running automobile for little money—Pay me $75 down, balance in twelve months.

All of our Used Cars equipped with 1927 License, ready to drive away.

MANY OTHERS FROM $50 UP.

The Best Buys Always Go First

R. H. PAUL
Whippet - Fine Motor Cars - Willys-Knight
NAPANEE, ONTARIO

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK
sets a value that always is the
Standard of Comparison

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK welcomes comparisons. Select any car you wish—compare it point by point with McLaughlin-Buick. Compare the long-standing and stability of its manufacturers—the extent of its resources—the number of cars produced—the number of cars in actual service today—the correctness of its engineering principles—the number and quality of its mechanical features—the provision made for the comfort and convenience of passengers—the quality of the craftsmanship and coach-work—the reputation and prestige it enjoys—the price for which it sells—and the value which it represents.

Compare any or all of these things. Select any measure by which you can judge a car. And, then, from the facts of the case—draw your own conclusions. It is upon such comparisons that McLaughlin-Buick supremacy has been established.

ROBERT McFARLAND
Dealer - Napanee

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

PIRACY IN CHINESE SEAS

Story of How Officers of Steamship Sunning Fought Pirates.

The piracy on board the British ship Sunning on November 15, 1926, reads more like a chapter of romance out of a boy's story book than an actual occurrence. We have records of piratical attacks which were made upon ships, becalmed in the China Seas in the middle of the last century, says a writer in Nautical Magazine, but even these stories are tame beside the fight that took place on board the British steamer Sunning.

The Sunning sailed with her usual number of passengers on Monday afternoon, but forty of them happened to be pirates and made their presence felt as soon as they got clear of the port. The ordinary passengers they pretended to be suddenly came to life, attacking and seizing the vital parts of the ship. At the point of revolvers the officers were ordered to navigate the ship towards the pirates' rendezvous in Bias Bay. The attack came so suddenly that the officers of the ship that they were quite unprepared to meet the unexpected circumstances and they had no alternative but to carry on the navigation of the ship according to the dictation of the pirate leader; meanwhile the ship was ransacked from stem to stern and four members of the purser's staff and one Chinese passenger, who resisted being robbed, were murdered and thrown overboard.

Towards midnight the captain and officers of the ship held a conference and decided to make a desperate attempt to regain control of their ship. Attracting the attention of two of the pirates, Mr. Hurst, second officer, engaged them in conversation and directed their attention to something out of the ordinary, whilst Captain Pringle—who was in command of the ship—came behind the men and killed them by extracting a deep-seated pin. This enabled the officers to take possession of two revolvers and 50 rounds of ammunition from the dead bodies of the pirates.

Several times the pirates rushed the bridge and as they did so they were shot down until 10 were killed outright. They tried to use Mr. C. Cormack, the chief engineer, as a shield, driving him in front of them; unfortunately Mr. Cormack was unavoidably wounded by some of the bullets fired from the bridge whilst the pirates were advancing.

After fighting for several hours the pirates realized that the only method which they could employ to capture the bridge would be to set fire to the vessel and ships. This they did, and as the flames leaped upward to the bridge the wind suddenly changed and drove the pirate back until they were forced to leave the ship in some of the lifeboats. It is fortunate that the chance of wind came at the moment when the revolvers and ammunition was exhausted; had not this been the case nothing would have been more certain than the death of all the Europeans on board. Five passengers were killed and two were missing, presumably thrown overboard.

The British sloop Bluebell, in dashing to the aid of the Sunning, succeeded in picking up a lifeboat containing nine pirates, whilst 15 others were captured on board the ship. 10 were killed and eight escaped. Words fail to express the admiration for the officers who so gallantly defended their ship, and they are deserving of special recognition.

A "Naval Occasion."

An interesting ceremony took place recently at which ships of the royal navy assisted. This was the unveiling of the Falkland Islands Battle Memorial at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands.

The battle was fought on Dec. 8th, 1914, between a British naval force, commanded by Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee, and a German squadron, commanded by Admiral von Spee. The latter had expected to find a much smaller force at the Falklands, and the Germans got the surprise of their lives when the British came into action.

Not only did the engagement save the Falklands, which the Germans had expected to seize, it made the Germans feel very chary about encountering British warships on the high seas, and enchained the Allies at a time when encouragement was badly needed. The memorial takes the form of a high pedestal, surmounted by a globe with ship.

Wild Goats.

Wild goats, enticed with an enclosure by means of rock salt, soon become accustomed to loss of freedom. When first confined they are extremely unreliable and unfriendly toward each other, fighting fiercely upon the slightest provocation. In places where animals of this species are confined it has been found necessary to provide a footing of rough rocks and coarse gravel, not that the Billys and Nannies may feel the more at home, but that their hard hoofs may thereby be trimmed. The normal food of these goats, the only all-white cud chewers, consists of grasses and lichens scraped from rock and stone. In captivity they appear to thrive best on a diet of hay and oats.

Descendant of a King.

A descendant of a king of England is a farm laborer in the village of Bredon, Essex, it is reported. Thomas William Cradwyk's ancestry has been traced back to Earl Godwin, father of King Harold, who was killed at the Battle of Hastings. After the death of Harold his relatives, deprived of all their wealth and possessions, took to the land and became farm laborers. The name of the Saxon king was carried on, and today a descendant still ploughs the fields for a living among the houses that Harold himself knew.

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Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.
Write for the College catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

dec-21

Canning Produce Wanted

We are open to contract for a limited acreage of Corn, Peas and Tomatoes.

Call and see our representative at the Royal Hotel, Napanee, on any Saturday afternoon beginning January 8th.

The E. C. Metcalfe Canning Company

A Bet That Was Lost

By MARTHA V. MONROE.

Charlie Perkins and I had been engaged for a month when he came to me and said that his friend Billy Ashurst was going to be married—that is, if the girl he expected to wed didn't go back on him.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because I've known the girl he's going to marry for several years, and she's not to be relied on."

"Whom is he going to marry?"

"Molly Bristow."

I knew Molly, but had no such opinion of her. A week later Charlie said to me:

"See here, Kit, I want your permission to do something—to win a bet. I've bet Billy Ashurst a champagne dinner that I can take Molly Bristow away from him within thirty days. To accomplish this I must do some spooning with her, and, of course, unless you understood it there would be trouble between you and me."

I told Charlie that there was no wisdom in what he proposed and it would make trouble for some one else even if not for him and me. But he appeared to be miffed and said that I hadn't confidence in him; I was not jealous of him after we were married, and jealousy was bound to spoil any couple's married life. This was not pleasing to me, but so long as Charlie was not yet my husband he concluded to let him do as he liked. So I told him to go ahead and win his bet if he could.

I didn't doubt that his intentions were what he stated them to be, but I did not approve of them. They appeared frivolous and unworthy of a man with whom I was to be united for life. But it seemed wise in me to accede to his proposition. He had shown weakness in making it, and if he became unpleasantly involved I might get a glimpse of what there was in him admirable or the reverse.

While Charlie was winning his bet his visits to me were cut in half. Several of my intimate friends advised me of what was going on between him and Miss Bristow, and one of them hinted that I had better look out for my fiance, for there had been an affair between him and Molly before he had become engaged to me. This was news that I did not relish, and I began to suspect there was more in his attentions to her than the winning of a bet. But I did not betray my suspicion to him. On the contrary, I pretended to be satisfied.

Leonard Sweetzer, a man twenty years my senior, had been attentive to me before I met Charlie and, hearing of Charlie's attention to Molly Bristow and inferring that my engagement had been broken off, renewed his suit. I was but eighteen when he proposed to me and had not approached 40 hm. Two years had passed since then—two years of development for me. Now Charlie's flippancy stood out plain in contrast with Leonard Sweetzer's character. Leonard proposed to me. I refused him, for I did not intend to go back on my troth to Charlie. Something in my manner, I suppose, gave my suitor reason to think that his case was not hopeless, and he exacted a promise from me that in case any change came in the situation I would send for him.

I began to think that Charlie's efforts to win his bet were not promising success. He seemed morose and fretful. His visits to me continued to be few, and when with me his mind seemed to be on some other subject. One evening when we were together I asked him if he was going to win his bet. The question seemed to irritate him, and I turned the conversation into other channels.

A certain opera was to be given, which I wished to attend. I bought two tickets and informed my fiance of the fact. He sent me a note saying that he was not well, and I had his consent to ask any friend I chose to escort me. I made a hurried investigation and learned that he was perfectly well. At the same time I heard that he had lost his bet and was unable to conceal his disappointment. My informant let me into the secret that he had proposed to Molly Bristow, been refused, and the refusal had "cut him up" dreadfully.

I sent Leonard Sweetzer a note, inclosing Charlie's permission to choose an escort, and asked him if he would be my companion for the evening. His response was satisfactory. Considering the situation, my invitation was tantamount to an acceptance of his offer of marriage.

Charlie Perkins wrote me that he had suddenly been called out of town, to be gone a few weeks. I knew this was to enable him to get over the refusal he had received from Molly Bristow. In ten days he had pulled himself together and one afternoon surprised me with a call, sending up a beautiful bouquet with his card.

When I went down to see him he knew by my expression that all was over between us. I told him that I knew he had lost his bet and his heart as well. He acknowledged that he had acted unwisely, begged my forgiveness and promised to be a faithful and loving husband to me. He claimed that the episode had opened his eyes to the real condition of his heart. To this I responded that it had opened to me the real condition of my own heart.

This he did not understand till my engagement to Leonard Sweetzer was announced.

Pribylov Islands.

The Pribylov Islands are a group of four small islands of volcanic origin in the Behring Sea, between Alaska and Siberia in Asia. Their area is only 50 square miles, but they are important because of the fact that they are a favorite breeding ground of the fur-seal, to be seen in thousands on these islands.

The Cheetah.

This animal, used in India for hunting, is the fastest animal living over a distance of 200 yards.

GREAT SNAKES.

The Bushmaster Grows to Thirteen or Fourteen Feet In Length.

That big Eastern hamadryad, the king cobra, is certainly a dangerous reptile, but it is doubtful if it can compare with the bushmaster of South America. Like the king cobra, this snake grows to a very large size.

Col. P. H. Fawcett, the well-known explorer, killed one eleven feet in length, and says that it grows to thirteen or fourteen feet. It resembles the king cobra in being both a constrictor and poisonous, and is said to have the worst temper of any snake that exists.

Certainly it attacks anyone who approaches its haunts, and, not content with inflicting a single bite, coils itself round its victim and strikes again and again with a crazy fury impossible to describe. A messenger sent from one ranch to another in Matto Grosso, and who failed to arrive, was later found lying dead in a forest path with no fewer than thirty punctures from the fangs of a bushmaster.

This snake, of which there are several varieties, is yellow with dark markings. It haunts the damp forest and in places is very plentiful. Its Brazilian name is surucucu. One variety has the unpleasant habit of coiling itself in the still warm ashes of a camp fire, and, of course, if disturbed it strikes.

Third in point of size among poisonous snakes comes the black mamba of South Africa. This is a long, slim creature, which can travel faster than a man can run and is possibly the most poisonous of all snakes. A party shooting near Bulwayo with eight dogs met a large mamba, which struck and killed seven of the pack before it could be destroyed. The first three dogs to be bitten, a terrier and two pointers, dropped dead as if struck by lightning.

Among smaller snakes the three worst are probably the fer-de-lance, of Martinique, the Indian krait, and the (fortunately) rare death-adder of Australia. The latter is only two feet in length, but its venom is deadly. Dull brown in color, it has a flat, wide head, and, like others of its kind, is sluggish in its habits.

BLACK KING AND WHITE PASHA

Gen. Gordon Told King John He Was Not Afraid to Die.

When Gordon Pasha was taken prisoner by the Abyssinians, we read in "The Story of Chinese Gordon," he completely checkmated King John. The king received his prisoner sitting on his throne, or whatever piece of furniture did duty for that exalted seat, a chair being placed for the prisoner considerably lower than the seat on which the king sat. The first thing the pasha did was to seize this chair, place it alongside that of his majesty, and sit down on it, the next, to inform him that he met him as an equal and would treat him only as such. This somewhat disconcerted his able adversary, but, on recovering himself, he said, "Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?" "I am perfectly well aware of it, your majesty," said the pasha. "Do so at once, if it is your royal pleasure. I am ready." This disconcerted the king still more, and he exclaimed, "What! Ready to be killed?" "Certainly," replied the pasha; "I am always ready to die, and, far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favor on me by so doing. Indeed, I would be glad to let me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself. You would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me." This completely staggered King John, who grasped out in despair, "Then my power has no terrors for you?" "None whatever," was the pasha's laconic reply. His majesty, it is perhaps needless to add, instantly collapsed.

No More Shaving!

It is possible that before long men will no longer needs to shave every morning, and women will have no more worries with bobbed hair.

As a result of experiments carried out by an English naturalist, the growth of the hair can be regulated. During experiments a strain of mice were produced whose backs became bald in sixteen days. A few days later they lost the fur on their backs, and a little later all their hair had gone.

Another scientist has been making discoveries about the life of a hair. He kept a record of one of his hairs for seven years, and found that it grew on only 264 days in a year. In summer he found that hairs get a quarter of an inch longer than in winter.

Hardening Tools.

By heating tools to whiteness and then plunging them rapidly into sealing wax until they will no longer pierce the later, it is claimed that a hard and lasting edge is put on them.

In the process, the steel becomes almost as hard as a diamond, and when touched with a little oil or turpentine is excellent for engraving or drilling, and for cutting the hardest metals for the longest time without blunting.

The Euxine.

Euxine, was the ancient name for the Black Sea in Southeastern Russia and connected with the Mediterranean Sea by the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. Euxine, a Greek word, means inhospitable, and the sea was so-called because of its treacherous weather and sudden and severe storms.

A "Fourthing."

The farthing is really a "fourthing," or fourth part. Saxon pennies had grooves cut in them in the form of a cross, so that they could be broken at will into four fourthings.

Creates New Wants.

Riches have a bad habit of creating new wants instead of satisfying the old ones.

Canada's Wheat for Old Country.

Canada has got to be the source of supply of wheat for the Old Country for some time to come, according to Sir Herbert Matthews, secretary of the Central Chamber of British Agriculture. He could see very little prospect of Russian wheat again being largely consumed in the Old Country and with the uncertainty of supply from India, together with the fact that people in such countries as India, China and Japan were steadily consuming more wheat products, it was his opinion that Canada is likely to be looked to more and more as Britain's chief source of supply of wheat.

SANDY BEND IN PERIL

By M. QUAD

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When the constable at Judge Hoke's court had cried "Hear ye!" three times the judge arose and said:

"Men of Sandy Bend, if I speak in a broken voice and my chin quivers when I talk it is because I am feelin' such eminent emotions as I have not felt in twenty years before.

"Why this emotion? Why do I stand here with the tears ready to fall at any minute?

"I will tell you what is the matter, though you know as well as I do. We have been fightin' civilization for thirty years, and at last we are licked. Yes, my friends, I hate to say the word, but we are licked.

"What was that which awoke Sandy Bend from its happy sleep at daylight the other mornin'? What was that noise that jumped us out of our blankets and caused us to look at each other as if we had wakened in another land?

"Toot! Toot! Toot!

"Yes, great bevvings, it was the toot of a locomotive on the new railroad, only five miles away, which is to run into Sandy Bend next week. Think of it—a railroad into Sandy Bend! That's one of the plots we have been licked on. It has wanted to come here for the last fifteen years, but our guns have kept it away.

"Yes, my fears fall and my chin wabbles as I talk of civilization comin' to this happy community. We have hung horse thieves, about one a week, for years past. About once a week also some man has been shot for holdin' five aces at poker.

"My tears fall afresh as I realize Sandy Bend has been a little paradise on earth. And now it is to be crushed, wrecked, ruined forever as the right kind of a town to live in. Why, the Chinymen will make their skiddoos and the dogs will run away from it! Since that toot of the locomotive the other mornin' there has been a man here to see about a street car line. A street car line for Sandy Bend to take the place of the cayuse!

"And along comes a man who says Sandy Bend orter have waterworks. Is it any wonder that three or four men fainted away on hearin' of it?

"And along comes another man and says we are to have gas works.

"Hasn't Sandy Bend got along with tallow candles and kerosene torches all this time, and has anybody kicked about it?

"Here is a most beautiful and happy spot. There are mountains all around. In the mountains grows the grizzly bear, and the wild Indian hunts for the white man's scalp. The sun ever shines there. There are no spring floods. The winter don't freeze a man to death. The birds twitter, the jack rabbits play about like lambkins, and there is just shootin' enough to keep the blood in good circulation.

"And all this is to be wrecked and ruined and brung low! What for? That the thing called civilization may move from east to west and gobble up everything in its path.

"And what do we get by the change? We get the plug hat and cane; we get the tan shoes and red neckties; we get the dress coat and the eyeglass; we get the poodle dog and the class of men who are not much better.

"If we remain here amid all these changes we have got to dress different, live different, act different. And how many days do you think the Lord will give us? Why, we'll begin to die off like flies in a ballstorm, and inside of six months the toughest of us will be laid low. Civilization won't even let us be buried with our friends up on the hillside, but the newcomers will start what they call a cemetery and sell the land off at $10 a lot and make a law that anybody who dies has got to be buried there.

"Now, about myself. As a court of justice I haven't given you much law, but I have given you justice as I understood it. If I have made any error it was an error of judgment and not of the heart. There will come along in a few weeks a man to take my place. He will run this court accordin' to law. There will be a dozen lawyers in the room, and noglogs admitted. One lawyer after another will get up and rub, one witness after another will tell the truth or lie about it. It will take that char court a whole day to try a case that you have heard me decide in five minutes.

"The question is being asked on every side. What kin be done? Kin any thing be done? I doubt it very much, but we will hold a public meetin' to morrer. If we kin raise a hundred men to go out to the new railroad and shoot off the hundred men worlds there mebbe we can hold civilization back a year or two longer or altogeth er. Let every man in Sandy Bend be at the meetin' tomorrer with two guns and a determination to defend our rights or perish in the attempt.

"That is a case here before this court. It is that of Bill Savage acin As High, the Chinyman who does our washee. They got into a squabble about an old shirt and drew their guns and fired bullets at each other. Bill may be in the right or Ace High has the right on his side. I ain't goin' into the case as a court, but as an individual I am goin' to turn them both outdoors without their guns and let 'em fight it out. My emotions as a court are too deeply stirred to listen to any testimony, but as an individual I shall be interested in seein' a fight between a Chink and a white man.'

"This court now stands adjourned, perhaps forever. Let us all weep."

NAIL POINTS.

Prehistoric Man Made Use of Nails In His Home.

When you drive a nail into your wall to hang a picture on, do you ever pause to think that you are using something with a history almost as old as that of humanity itself?

A nail, over two and a half pounds in weight, and thick in proportion, was found in the ruins of Troy. And similar enormous nails have been recovered from the remains of lake dwellings and other places where prehistoric man made his home.

All nails were originally made at home. Then, when the smith became a specialist craftsman, he made the nails of the community, until a special nail-smith started in business. In the fifteenth century there was a guild of nail-smiths in Aussburg.

The first nail-making machine was invented in Britain at the end of the eighteenth century, and a little later the first nail factories were at work in Birmingham, England.

Railway Guard's Play.

Breaking six-inch nails with his bare hands, tearing packs of cards in halves, and snapping chains encircling his chest is child's play to a guard attached to the new London (London, Eng.) Underground Station. This "Samson" of the Tubes is 27 stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs 17 stone. He made his strenuous man feats to relieve the monotony of waiting periods on train journeys.

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SIDE BANDS PATENTED

The Gods of Mars

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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As the green warrior saw the last of his companions go down and at the same time perceived that the entire herd was charging him in a body he rushed boldly to meet them, swinging his long sword in the terrific manner that I had so often seen the men of his kind wield it in their ferocious and almost continual warfare among their own race.

Cutting and hewing to right and left, he laid an open path straight through the advancing plant men and then commenced a mad race for the forest. In the shelter of which he evidently hoped he might find a haven of refuge.

He had turned for that portion of the forest which abutted on the cliffs, and thus the fight was taking the entire party farther and farther from the bowlder where I lay concealed.

As I had watched the fight which the great warrior had made against such odds my heart had swelled for him, and acting as I am wont to do, more upon impulse than after mature deliberation, I sprang from my shelter ing rock and bounded quickly toward the bodies of the dead green Martians, a well defined plan of action already formed.

Half a dozen great leaps brought me to the spot, and another instant saw me again in my stride in rapid pursuit of the hideous monsters that were rapidly gaining on the fleeing warrior.

But this time I grasped a mighty long sword in my hand, and in my heart was the old blood lust of the fighting man.

A red mist swam before my eyes, and I felt my lips respond to my heart in the old smile that has marked me in the midst of the joy of battle.

Though swift, I was none too soon, for the green warrior had been overtaken before he had made half the distance to the forest, and now he stood with his back to the bowlder, while the herd, temporarily balked, hissed and screeched about him.

With their single eyes in the center of their heads and every eye turned upon their prey, they did not note my soundless approach, so that I was upon them with my great long sword, and four of them lay dead before they knew that I was among them.

For an instant they recoiled before my terrific onslaught, and in that instant the green warrior rose to the occasion and, springing to my side, he to the right and left of him as I had never seen but one other warrior do. With circling strokes that formed a figure 8 about him he did not stop until none stood living to oppose him, his keen blade passing through flesh and bone as though each had been, alike, thin air.

As we bent to the slaughter far above us rose that shrill, weird cry which I had heard once before and which had called the herd to the attack upon their victims. Again and again it rose, but we were now too occupied with the fearful, powerful creatures about us to attempt to search out even with our eyes the author of the horrid notes.

Great apes lashed in frenzied anger about us, razor-like talons cut our limbs and bodies, and a green and sticky slurp, such as oozes from a crushed caterpillar, smeared us from head to foot, for every cut and thrust of our long swords brought spurts of this stuff upon us from the severed arteries of the plant men, through which it courses in its sluggish viscidity in lieu of blood.

Once I felt the great weight of one of the monsters upon my back, and as keen talons sank into my flesh I experienced the frightful sensation of moist lips sucking the blood from the wounds to which the claws still clung.

I was very much engaged with a ferocious fellow who was endeavoring to reach my throat from in front while two more, one on either side, were lashing viciously at me with their tails.

The green warrior was much put to it to hold his own, and I felt that the unequal struggle could last but a moment longer when the huge fellow discovered my plight, and, tearing himself from those that surrounded him, he raked the assailant from my back with a sweep of his blade, and, this relieved, I had little difficulty with the others.

Once together we stood almost back to back against the great bowlder, and thus their creatures were prevented from soaring above us to deliver their deadly blows. As we were easily their match while they remained upon the ground we were making great headway in dispatching what remained of them when our attention was again attracted by the shrill wail of the caller above our heads.

This time I glanced up, and far above us upon a little natural balcony on the face of the cliff stood a strange figure of a man shrieking out his shrill signal, while he waved a hand in the direction of the river's mouth, as though beckoning to some one there. With the other he pointed and gesticulated toward us.

A glance in the direction toward which he was looking was sufficient to apprise me of his aims and at the same time to fill me with the dread of dire apprehension.

Streaming in from all directions across the meadow, from out of the forest and from the far distance of the flat land across the river I could see converging upon us a hundred different lines of wildly leaping creatures such as we were now engaged with, and with them some strange new monsters which ran with great swiftness, now erect and now upon all fours.

"It will be a great death," I said to my companion. "Look."

As he shot a quick glance in the direction I indicated he smiled.

"We may at least die fighting and as great warriors should, John Carter," he replied.

We had just finished the last of our immediate antagonists as he spoke, and I turned in surprised wonderment at the sound of my name.

And there before my astonished eyes I beheld the greatest of the green men of Barsoom—their shrewdest statesman, their mightiest general—my dear and good friend, Tars Tarkas, jeddak of Thark.

CHAPTER III.
A Forest Battle.

TARS TARKAS and I found no time for an exchange of experiences as we stood there before the great bowlder, surrounded by the corpses of our grotesque assailants. From all directions down the broad valley was streaming a perfect torrent of terrifying creatures in response to the weird call of the strange figure far above us.

"Come," cried Tars Tarkas; "we must make for the cliffs! There lies our only hope of even temporary escape. There we may find a cave or a narrow ledge which two may defend forever against this motley, unarmed horde."

Together we raced across the scarlet sward, I timing my speed that I might not outdistance my slower companion. We had perhaps 300 yards to cover between our bowlder and the cliffs and then to search out a suitable shelter for our stand against the terrifying things that were pursuing us.

They were rapidly overhauling us when Tars Tarkas cried to me to hasten ahead and discover if possible the sanctuary we sought. The suggestion was a good one, for thus many valuable minutes might be saved to us, and, throwing every ounce of my earthly muscles into the effort, I cleared the remaining distance between myself and the cliffs in great leaps that put me at their base in a moment.

My first cursory inspection of the face of the cliffs filled my heart with forebodings, since nowhere could I discern, except where the weird herald stood still shrieking his shrill summons, the faintest indication of even a bare foothold upon the lofty escarpment.

Tars Tarkas was approaching me rapidly, and still more rapidly came the awful horde at his heels.

It seemed the forest now or nothing, and I was just on the point of motioning Tars Tarkas to follow me in that direction when the sun passed the cliff's zenith, and as the bright rays touched the dull surface it burst out into a million scintillant lights of burnished gold of flaming red, of soft greens and gleaming whites—a more gorgeous and inspiring spectacle human eye has never rested upon.

The face of the entire cliff was, as later inspection conclusively proved, so shot with veins and patches of solid gold as to present the appearance of a solid wall of that metal except where it was broken by outcroppings of ruby, emerald and diamond bowlders.

But what caught my most interested attention at the moment that the sun's rays set the cliff's face a-shimmer was the several black spots which now appeared quite plainly in evidence high across the gorgeous wall close to the forest's top and extending apparently below and behind the branches.

Almost immediately I recognized them for what they were—the dark openings of caves entering the solid walls—possible avenues of escape or temporary shelter could we but reach them.

There was but a single way, and that led through the mighty, towering trees upon our right. That I could scale them I knew full well, but Tars Tarkas, with his mighty bulk and enormous weight, would find it a task possibly quite beyond his prowess or his skill.

Martians are at best but poor climbers. Upon the entire surface of that ancient planet I before never had seen a hill or mountain that exceeded 4,000 feet in height above the dead sea bottoms, and as the ascent was usually gradual nearly to their summits they presented but few opportunities for the practice of climbing.

However, there was nothing else to consider than an attempt to scale the trees contiguous to the cliff in an effort to reach the caves above.

The Thark grasped the possibilities and the difficulties of the plan at once, but there was no alternative, and so we set out rapidly for the trees nearest the cliff.

Our relentless pursuers were now close to us, so close that it seemed that it would be an utter impossibility for the Jeddak of Thark to reach the forest in advance of them. Nor was there any considerable will in the efforts that Tars Tarkas made, for the green men of Barsoom do not relish flight, nor ever before had I seen one fleeing from death in whatsoever form it might have confronted him.

At length, however, we reached the shadows of the forest, while right behind us sprang the swiftest of our pursuers—a giant plant man with outreaching claws to fasten his blood-sucking mouths upon us.

He was, I should say, a hundred yards in advance of his closest companion, and so I called to Tars Tarkas to ascend a great tree that brushed the cliff's face while I dispatched the fellow, thus giving the less agile Thark an opportunity to reach the higher branches before the entire horde should be upon us and every vestige of escape cut off.

But I had reckoned without a just appreciation either of the cunning of my immediate antagonist or the swiftness with which his fellows were covering the distance which had separated them from me.

As I raised my long sword to deal the creature its death thrust it halted in its charge, and as my sword cut harmlessly through the empty air the great tail of the thing swept with the power of a giant's arm across the sward and carried me bodily from my feet to the ground.

In an instant the brute was upon me, but ere it could fasten its hideous mouths into my breast and throat I grasped a writhing tentacle in either hand.

The plant man was well muscled, heavy and powerful, but my sinews and greater agility, in conjunction with my deadly strength, held it at bay, and, had no other been with me, I think, as eventual victory had we had time to discuss the merits of our relative prowess uninterrupted. But as we strained and struggled about the tree into which Tars Tarkas was clambering I suddenly caught a glimpse over the shoulder of my antagonist of the great swarm of pursuers that now were fairly upon me.

Now at last I saw the nature of the other monsters who had come with the plant men in response to the weird calling of the man upon the cliff's face. They were that most dreaded of Martian creatures—great white apes of Barsoom.

They stand fifteen feet in height and walk erect upon their hind feet. Like the green Martians, they have an intermediary set of arms midway between their upper and lower limbs.

Their eyes are very close set, but do not protrude, as do those of the green men of Mars; their ears are high set, but more laterally located than are the green men's, while their snouts and teeth are much like those of our African gorilla. Upon their heads grows an enormous shock of bristly hair.

Time and again the ferocious apes sprang in to close with us, and time and again we beat them back with our swords. The great tails of the plant men lashed about us as they charged from various directions or sprang with the agility of greyhounds above our heads.

But every attack met a gleaming blade in sword hands that had been reputed for twenty years the best in all Mars but ever known, for Tars Tarkas and John Carter were names that the fighting men of this world of warriors loved best to speak.

But even the two best swords in a world of fighters can avail not for ever against overwhelming numbers of fierce and savage brutes, and so, step by step, we were forced back.

At length we stood against the giant tree that we had chosen for our ascent, and then, as charge after charge hurled its weight upon us, we gave back again and again until we had been forced halfway round the huge base of the colossal trunk.

Tars Tarkas was in the lead, and suddenly I heard a little cry of exultation from him.

"Here is shelter for one at least, John Carter," he said, and, glancing down, I saw an opening in the base of the tree about three feet in diameter.

"In with you, Tars Tarkas!" I cried, but he would not go, saying that his bulk was too great for the little aperture, while I might slip in easily.

"We shall both die if we remain without, John Carter. Here is a slight chance for one of us. Take it and you may live to avenge me." It is useless for me to attempt to worm my way into so small an opening with this horde of demons besetting us on all sides."

"Then we shall die together, Tars Tarkas," I replied, "for I shall not go first. Let me defend the opening while you get in. Then my smaller stature will permit me to slip in with you before they can prevent."

We still were fighting furiously as we talked in broken sentences, punctuated with vicious cuts and thrusts at our swarming enemy.

At length he yielded, for it seemed the only way in which either of us might be saved from the ever increasing numbers of our assailants, who were still swarming upon us from all directions across the broad valley.

"It was ever your way, John Carter, to think last of your own life," he said, "but still more your way to command the lives and actions of others, even to the greatest of jeddaks who rule upon Barsoom."

There was a grim smile upon his face as he, the greatest jeddak of them all, turned to obey the dictates of a creature of another world—of a man whose stature was less than half his own.

"If you fall, John Carter," he said, "know that the cruel and heartless Thark, to whom you taught the meaning of friendship, will come out to die beside you."

"As you will, my friend," I replied. "But quickly now, head first, while I cover your retreat."

He hesitated a little at that word, for never in his whole life of continual strife had he before turned his back upon aught than a dead or defeated enemy.

As he dropped to the ground to force his way into the tree the whole howling pack of hideous devils hurled themselves upon us. To right and left flew my shimmering blade, now green with the sticky juice of a plant man, now red with the crimson blood of a great white ape.

And thus I fought as I never had fought before against frightful odds that I cannot realize even now.

With the fear that we would escape them, the creatures redoubled their efforts to pull me down, and, though the ground about me was piled high with their dead and dying comrades, they succeeded at last in overwhelming me, and I went down beneath them.

But scarce had I fallen ere a felt powerful hand grip my ankles, and in another second I was being drawn within the shelter of the tree's interior.

For a moment it was a jug of war between Tars Tarkas and a great plant man who clung tenaciously to my breast, but presently I got the point of my long sword beneath him and with a mighty thrust pierced his vitals.

Bleeding from many wounds, I lay panting upon the ground within the shelter of the tree, while Tars Tarkas defended the opening from the furious mob without.

For an hour they howled about the opening, but after a few attempts to reach in they confined their efforts to hurling shrieks and screams, to horrid growling on the part of the great white apes and the fearsome and indescribable purring by the plant men.

At length all but a score, who had apparently been left to prevent our escape, had departed and our adventure seemed destined to result in a siege, the only outcome of which could be our death by starvation, for even should we be able to slip out after dark where in the unknown and hostile valley, could we hope to turn our steps toward possible escape?

As the attacks of our enemies ceased and our eyes became accustomed to the semidarkness of the interior of our strange retreat I took the opportunity to explore our shelter.

The tree was hollow to an extent of about fifty feet in diameter, and from its flat, hard floor I judged that it had often been used to house others. As I raised my eyes toward its roof to note the height I saw far above me a faint glow of light.

There was an opening above. If we could but reach it we might still hope to make the shelter of the cliff caves. My eyes had now become quite used to the subdued light of the interior, and as I pursued my investigation I presently came upon a rough ladder at the far side of the tree.

Quickly I mounted it to find that it connected at the top with the lower of a series of horizontal wooden bars that spanned the now narrower and shaftlike interior of the tree's stem. These bars were set one above another, about three feet apart, and formed a perfect ladder as far above me as I could see.

Dropping to the floor once more, I detailed my discovery to Tars Tarkas, who suggested that I explore aloft as far as I could go in safety, while he guarded the entrance against a possible attack.

As I hastened above to explore the strange shaft I found that the ladder of horizontal bars reached always far above me as my eyes could reach, and as I ascended the light from above grew brighter and brighter.

For fully 500 feet I continued to climb until at length I reached the opening in the stem which admitted the light. It was of about the same diameter as the entrance at the foot of the tree and opened directly upon a large, flat limb, the well worn surface of which testified to its long continued use as an avenue for some creature to and from this remarkable shaft.

I Ventured Out Upon the Limb, Then Beat a Hasty Retreat.

I ventured out upon the limb, then beat a hasty retreat for fear that I might be discovered by our enemies below and hurried to retrace my steps to Tars Tarkas.

I soon reached him, and presently we were both ascending the long ladder toward the opening above.

Tars Tarkas went in advance, and as I reached the first of the horizontal bars I drew the ladder up after me, and, handing it to him, he carried it a hundred feet farther aloft, where he wedged it safely between one of the bars and the side of the shaft.

In like manner I dislodged the lower bars as I passed them, so that we soon had the interior of the tree denuded of all possible means of ascent for a distance of a hundred feet from the base, thus precluding possible pursuit and attack from the rear.

CHAPTER IV.
The Chamber of Mystery.

WHEN we reached the opening at the top Tars Tarkas drew to one side that I might pass out and investigate, as, owing to my lesser weight and greater agility, I was better fitted for the perilous threading of this dizzy, hanging pathway.

The limb upon which I found myself ascended at a slight angle toward the cliff, and as I followed it I found that it terminated a few feet above a narrow ledge which protruded from the cliff's face at the entrance to a narrow cave.

As I approached the slightly more slender extremity of the branch it bent beneath my weight until, as I balanced perilously upon its outer tip, it swayed gently on a level with the ledge at a distance of a couple of feet.

Five hundred feet below me lay the vivid scarlet carpet of the valley. Nearly 5,000 feet above towered the mighty, gleaming face of the gorgeous cliffs.

The cave that I faced was not one of those that I had seen from the ground, and which lay much higher, possibly a thousand feet. But, so far as I might know, it was as good for our purpose as another, and so I returned to the tree for Tars Tarkas.

Together we wormed our way along the waving pathway, but when we reached the end of the branch we found that our combined weight so depressed the limb that the cave's mouth was now too far above us to be reached.

Instantly I Sprang Toward It to Wrench It Open Again.

We finally agreed that Tars Tarkas should return along the branch, leaving his longest leather harness strap with me, and that when the limb had risen to a height that would permit me to enter the cave I was to do so, and upon Tars Tarkas' return I could then lower the strap and haul him up to the safety of the ledge.

This we did without mishaps and soon found ourselves together upon the verge of a dizzy little balcony, with a magnificent view of the valley spreading out below us.

Below us upon the river's bank the great white apes were devouring the last remnants of Tars Tarkas' former companions, while great herds of plant men grazed in ever widening circles about the sward, which they kept as close clipped as the smoothest of lawns.

Knowing that attack from the tree was now improbable, we determined to explore the cave, which we had every reason to believe was but a continuation of the path we had already traversed, leading the golden knew where, but clearly away from this valley of ferocity.

As we advanced we found a well proportioned tunnel cut from the solid cliff. Its walls rose some twenty feet above the floor, which was about five feet in width. The roof was arched.

We had no means of making a light, and so groped our way slowly into the ever increasing darkness, Tars Tarkas keeping in touch with one wall while I felt along the other. To prevent our wandering into diverging branches and becoming separated or lost in some intricate and labyrinthic maze we lasped hands.

How far we traversed the tunnel in this manner I do not know, but presently we came to an obstruction which blocked our further progress.

It seemed more like a partition than a sudden ending of the cave, for it was constructed not of the material of the cliff, but of something which felt like very hard wood.

Silently I groped over its surface with my hands and presently was rewarded by the feel of the button, which as commonly denotes a door on Mars as does a doorknob on earth.

Gently pressing it, I had the satisfaction of feeling the door slowly give before me, and in another instant we were looking into a dimly lighted apartment which, so far as we could see, was unoccupied.

Without more ado I swung the door wide open and, followed by the huge Thark, stepped into the chamber.

As we stood for a moment in silence gazing about the room a slight noise behind caused me to turn quickly.

To my astonishment I saw the door close with a sharp click as though moved by an unseen hand.

Instantly I sprang toward it to wrench it open again, for something in the uncanny movement of the thing and the almost palpable silence of the chamber seemed to portend an evil hidden in this rock bound chamber.

My fingers clawed futilely at the unyielding portal, while my eyes sought in vain for a duplicate of the button which had given us ingress.

And then from unseen lips a cruel and mocking peal of laughter rang through the desolate place.

For moments after that awful laugh had ceased reverberating through the room Tars Tarkas and I stood in tense and expectant silence. But no further sound broke the stillness, nor within the range of our vision did anything move.

At length Tars Tarkas laughed softly after the manner of his strange kind when in the presence of the horrible or terrifying. It is not a hysterical laugh, but rather the genuine expression of the pleasure they derive from the things that move earth and men to loathing or to tears.

I looked up at the Thark, a smile upon my own lips, for here, in truth, was greater need for a smiling face than a trembling chin.

"What do you make of it all?" I asked. "Where in the deuce are we?"

He looked at me in surprise.

"Where are we?" he repeated. "Do you tell me, John Carter, that you know not where you be?"

"That I am upon Barsoom is all that I can guess, and but for you and the great white apes I should not even guess that, for the sights I have seen this day are as unlike the things of my beloved Barsoom as I knew it ten long years ago as they are unlike the world of my birth. No, Tars Tarkas; I know not where we be."

"Where have you been since you sped the mighty portals of the atmosphere plant processor ago after the deeper had died and the engines stopped and all Barsoom was dying that had not already died of asphyxiation?

"Your body even was never found, though the men of a whole world sought after it for years, though the Jeddak of Helium and his granddaughter, your princess, offered such fabulous rewards that even princes of royal blood joined in the search.

"There was but one conclusion to reach when all efforts to locate you had failed—that you had taken the long, last pilgrimage down into the dying sea bottom to wait in the valley Dor upon the shores of the lost sea of Korus the beautiful Dejah Thoris, your princess.

"Why you had gone none could guess, for your princess still lived"—

"Thank heaven!" I interrupted him. "I did not dare to ask you, for I feared I might have been too late to save her. She was very low when I left her in the royal gardens of Tardos Mors that long gone night—so very low that I scarcely hoped even then to reach the atmosphere plant before her dear spirit had fled from me forever. And she lives still!"

"She lives, John Carter!"

"You have not told me where we are," I reminded him.

"We are where I expected to find you, John Carter—and another. Many years ago you found the story of the woman who taught me the thing that green Martians are reared to hate—the woman who taught me to love. You know the cruel tortures and the awful death to which were born for her at the hands of the beast Tal Hajus.

"She, I thought, awaited me by the lost sea of Korus."

"You know that it was left for a man from another world—for yourself, John Carter—to teach this cruel Thark what friendship is, and you, I thought, also roamed the cave-tree valley Dor.

"Thus were the two I most longed for at the end of the long pilgrimage I must take some day, and so as the time had elapsed which Dejah Thoris had hoped might bring you once more to her side—for she has always tried to believe that you had but temporarily

"This, John Carter, is—heaven."

returned to your own planet—I at last gave way to my great yearning, and a month since I started upon the journey the end of which you have this day witnessed. Do you understand now where you are, John Carter?"

"And that was the river Iss, emptying into the lost sea of Korus, in the valley Dor?" I asked.

"This is the valley of love and peace and rest to which every Barsoomian since time immemorial has longed to pilgrimage at the end of a life of hate and strife and bloodshed," he replied. "This, John Carter, is—heaven."

His tone was cold and ironical, its bitterness but reflecting the terrible disappointment he had suffered. Such a fearful disillusionment, such a blasting of lifelong hopes and aspirations, such an uprooting of old age tradition, might have excused a vastly greater demonstration on the part of the Thark.

I laid my hands upon his shoulder.

(Continued next week)

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23-1-27

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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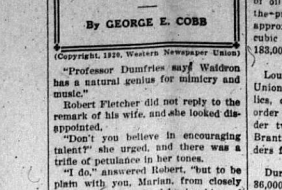

JULIETTE GAULTIER

The first white men to penetrate from the east into the middle west came as canoemen, under the leadership of such men as La Salle, Radisson and Father Hennepin. They traversed the great inland waterways in the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing and the Great Lakes, singing as they went the songs of Old France. The songs of these French-Canadian Voyageurs have been preserved and are a popular factor in the lives of the French Canadians in Quebec. Their popularity is spreading throughout the country and late radio programs featuring these songs have been exceedingly well received.

A musical sensation on a scale never before attempted in the city of Quebec will be held at the Chateau Frontenac, from May 20 to 22. The Festival, which will combine folk-songs and handicraft indigenous to the Province of Quebec, is unique in character, since it is the first time a folksong festival has been staged anywhere in America in its natural setting with handicraft. The National Museum of Canada, in cooperation with the Canadian Pacific Railway, is organizing this festival on a very comprehensive scale.

Among the artists who will interpret the folksongs are J. Campbell McInnes, of Toronto, who has been principal soloist with the Philadelphia, Chicago and Cleveland Orchestras, and Charles Marchand, well-known "chansonnier" of Montreal, who has toured both Canada and the United States; also Dr. Ernest MacMillan, director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music; Dr. Healey Willan, Canadian composer, and Oscar O'Brien of Montreal, who have composed harmonizations of melodies and arrangements for strings, especially for the Festival. Choral renderings by various composers, of some of the native folksongs will be given by the "chanteurs of Saint Dominique of Quebec, one of the most famous choirs in French Canada. The Basilica choir will sing a fully choral High Gregorian Mass on the morning of May 21.

Outstanding among the women artists to take part are Madame Jeanne Dusseau and Mademoiselle Juliette Gaultier de la Verendrye. Madame Dusseau, who is an ardent lover of folksong and an interpreter of the same in many languages, is a soprano of the Chicago Opera Association. Mlle. Gaultier de la Verendrye, a descendant of the explorer, Pierre Gaultier de la Verendrye, sang in the Boston Opera before devoting herself to the study of folksong. She has learned the Eskimo language in order to sing Eskimo folksongs, and is also familiar with many Indian dialects.

A large number of leading musicians, folklore and handicraft experts from all parts of Canada and the United States will attend the Festival, which is regarded as the musical sensation of the year.

The Undesirable Suitor

By EUNICE BLAKE

Bertha Henderson's father was in a quandary concerning his daughter's choice of a husband. There were two suitors for her hand, the one, Arnold Deane, a staid chap, not at all brilliant, but of latent force of character; the other, Algernon Page, a man especially adapted to pleasing a young girl, but with nothing to recommend him to any one of mature judgment. Mr. Henderson, realizing the danger of embittering his daughter's life if and that opposition in such cases is often adding fuel to the fire, said nothing to her on the subject except to approve of Deane and express a lack of confidence in Page. But he took occasion to tell the former that he hoped he would win.

One day Mr. Henderson told his daughter that the son of an old friend of his he had not seen for years had called at his office and he had invited the young man to dinner. When he appeared in dinner costume it struck Bertha that he was not up to his clothes—in other words, he had not that refinement she would expect in the son of a friend of her father.

Henry Southwick—that was the young man's name—was about thirty years old and, despite his lack of refinement, had a way of ingratiating himself into one's confidence. Bertha, however, was too refined herself to overlook his failing. Still, he seemed to have her father's approval and came often to the house, where he met the suitors and soon seemed to be hand in glove with both of them, though he appeared to court Page.

One afternoon, while Page was with Bertha, Southwick came in, and, noting both with that tongue-in-cheek manner of his which was especially objectionable to the young lady and asked if Mr. Henderson had come in. Bertha replied that he had not. Southwick seemed a bit perplexed, then, calling Bertha into an adjoining room, said in a low voice:

"I am in a hurry and can't wait for your father, so I must ask you to call his attention to something I shall write for him. Since he is of value I will explain. Many years ago when my governor was down on his luck Mr. Henderson lent him $200. I have received a check from the old man for three hundred, one hundred of it for me. I have cashed the check and have brought two hundred of the amount with me."

Southwick took a roll of bills from his pocket and was about to hand them to Bertha when he suddenly paused, seemed lost in thought, then continued:

"I am sure this payment of an old score will be a pleasure to your father, not on account of the money, but because it will show that his friend is honorable. I wish we might put it where your father will come upon it unexpectedly, with my old man's letter concerning it."

"Papa does his writing at home on that desk over there. You might put it in the drawer where he keeps his stationery."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Southwick, and, going to the desk, he opened a side drawer, put the money with the letter in it and, turning to Bertha, looked very much delighted with his scheme for surprise. Then he hurried away. He had no sooner gone than Mrs. Henderson called out from above:

"Bertha, come up here, quick!"

Bertha ran upstairs and found her mother gasping for breath. But she was not pale and gave no other sign of ailing except to put her hand on her heart. She dropped on a bed and appeared to be very much frightened. Bertha asked what was the matter, whether she should send for a doctor and many other questions. After awhile her mother seemed easier, but Bertha, not being willing to leave her, called a maid and sent her downstairs to Mr. Page with a request that he should excuse her on account of a sudden indisposition of her mother. Soon after the delivery of the message Page took his departure.

When Mr. Henderson returned his wife's condition had put all thought of the money left for him in his desk out of Bertha's mind. He did not use the desk that evening nor the next morning, when he went to business, leaving Mrs. Henderson quite recovered.

After his departure Bertha went to the desk to assure herself that the money was there. She did not like leaving it in an exposed position. What was her consternation to find it gone!

She hardly knew what to do. The theft—if it was a theft—should be reported at once and investigated. She ran upstairs and told her mother of the leaving of the money and its disappearance. Mrs. Henderson, instead of looking troubled, seemed relieved. She advised Bertha to wait till her father came home in the evening, then to tell him the story.

Nothing was done in the matter, and a week passed. Then Bertha was informed that Mr. Page had stolen the money. Southwick was a detective and had left marked bills in the drawer to trap the thief, having been instructed by Mr. Henderson for the purpose.

Mrs. Henderson was in the secret and had feigned illness to draw her daughter from Page in order that he might have a chance to catch the money.

All that was desired in exposing Page's real character to his daughter having been accomplished by the detective's ruse, Mr. Henderson declined to prosecute the thief and kept the matter quiet.

Bertha married Arnold Deane.

Singers' Little Ways.

Although most persons have some little peculiarities of dress or manner, those of great artists, singers, for instance, naturally attract interest and attention than the mannerisms of ordinary mortals. It is said of Mme. Grisi, so inimitable and correct in her art, that she was careless to a fault in her personal appearance. Never, even when she sang at a morning concert, was her bonnet set straight. And Mme. Artot, most adorable of pages in the "Ballo in Maschera," was very proud of possessing the longest finger nails it was possible to grow! It is said of Mme. Tietjens that she wore dreadfully stiff corsets, laced very tightly, and when ever she moved they creaked audibly. She never appeared without a pocket handkerchief whether she was a peasant or princess. In the rondino of Donna Anna, in the grandeur of "Don Pedro," in the dungeon of Marguerite clinging to the cross in "Robert le Diable," she carried a costly hand kerchief, and never a hair of her head was out of place.

Air and Sea Mail Service.

For an air and sea mail service combined between France and Argentina, to begin next September, the French Air Mail and the Argentine Government have completed negotiations. The agreement stipulates that the trip be made in seven and a half days, which will gradually be reduced to four days. The plans call for the transportation of mail by airplane relays between Toulouse, France, and the Cape Verde Islands, and fast steamer from Cape Verde Islands to the island of La Fernando Novohna, off the coast of South America, and then by air again between La Fernando Novohna to Buenos Ayres.

The Upas Tree.

Upas is the name given to various species of trees found in Java and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago. From these trees oozes a poisonous gum, used by the natives for tipping their arrows. The tales of the deadly effect of this tree on plants and animals in its vicinity are largely fictitious.

Too Much.

"Who are those fellows, Mike?"

"They're Shriners."

"And what are Shriners?"

"Why, they're Masons."

"Sure and what the devil do they want now. They're gettin' $10 a day."

MYSTERIES OF THE SEA.

Scientists Cannot Explain Why Fish Leave Home.

There is always some little mystery of the sea to be solved.

At one time it is the disappearance of the pilchards from St. Ives; then of the sardines from their Mediterranean haunts; then of impoverished herring-shoals in the North Sea.

Now it is the hake that is the subject of inquiry, says an Old Country paper. Where is the plump, large, twelve-pound hake? It has apparently vanished and left the scene to hake only a fraction of that weight.

Answers to such problems are at times amazing. Two years ago it was found that the herrings were fewer than usual because an unusual flood of Atlantic water had entered the North Sea, bringing multitudes of salps, small jellyfish-like animals. Between the abundant presence of these and the scarcity of herrings a definite traced connection; the two kinds seem incapable of thriving in company.

As the salps live on the surface of the sea and herring eggs sink to the bottom, the salps cannot have devoured the eggs. It is believed that the jellyfish do devour the tiny organisms on which the herring feeds, and so starve out the fish.

The sardines were found to have been driven from home by the low temperature of the water, compelling them to seek warmer currents. The departure, the long journey, and the eventual return of the Cornish pilchards remain a mystery; and the disappearance of the large hake is at present a puzzle as profound, for the big ones have certainly not all been caught.

Strange things happen at sea. It was but the other day that swarms of herring were tossed high and helpless on the beaches of the Hebrides, a fact which may be believed that the jellyfish do devour the tiny organisms on which the herring feeds, and so starve out the fish.

The sardines were found to have been driven from home by the low temperature of the water, compelling them to seek warmer currents. The departure, the long journey, and the eventual return of the Cornish pilchards remain a mystery; and the disappearance of the large hake is at present a puzzle as profound, for the big ones have certainly not all been caught.

Strange things happen at sea. It was but the other day that swarms of herring were tossed high and helpless on the beaches of the Hebrides, a fact which may be believed that the islanders, brought by unexplained means; either great waves threw the fish ashore with masses of weed and wreckage, or, not less likely, the herrings were chased into shallows and left stranded by larger fish pursuing them off the shore.

A year or two ago Dover (England) beach was strewn with conger eels, cod, tope, whiting, and sprats, freshly caught, their helplessness and cast as living wrecks ashore.

We call it cold-blooded "not they dislike extreme cold as much as a hot dislikes a dry bath. They actually die of cold; millions of tile-fish were killed in the Atlantic by chilly currents, and fish brought up in Scott's men in the Antarctic, from water with a temperature of thirty degrees, froze to death as they reached the air, where the temperature was seventy degrees colder.

GOLDEN VOICES.

Good Voices Are Very Much In Demand.

"What is really needed," said a member of Lloyd's, when that great institution was searching for a new "crier," "is a man with a voice of a Caruso and the stamina of a sculling champion."

He was not far wrong, says Answers, for the crier at Lloyd's is calling names of underwriters continually from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and again from two o'clock in the afternoon till four. His elocution must be perfect, or his throat could never stand the strain.

There never was a time when good voices were so much in demand as at present. Broadcasting has opened a new profession to men and women with clear, resonant voices, and more recently wireless telephony has opened a new field for operators in this direction. A searching test has been made for girls possessing the clear, carrying voice requisite for speaking by wireless across the Atlantic, and, in course of time, as fresh oversea wireless connections come into being, this field will grow wider.

Listeners to speeches made at banquets will have noticed how wonderfully clear are the voices of the toastmasters.

Good public speakers and lecturers are more in demand than ever before. Congregations will no longer put up with clergymen who mumble their services and sermons. However brilliant a cleric may be intellectually, he has little chance of preferment unless he has a good voice and delivery.

A FAR CRY

By GEORGE E. COBB

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

"Professor Dumfries says Waldron has a natural genius for mimicry and music."

Robert Fletcher did not reply to the remark of his wife, and she looked disappointed.

"Don't you believe in encouraging talent?" she urged, and there was a trifle of petulance in her tones.

"I do," answered Robert, "but to be plain with you, Marian, from closely studying Waldron and having his real welfare at heart, I do not believe that a penchant for ragtime and slang and an ambition to be a popular dog dancer will help Waldron in a business way. There is a fine academy at Leesville. Waldron needs discipline and training. Why not fit him for the serious duties of life instead of for its follies?"

"You are a kill joy, Robert! Time enough for Waldron to take on the cares of life when he has had a share of its enjoyments," and Marian Fletcher flounted from the room.

It was not the first misunderstanding of husband and wife, if it could be termed such. Robert Waldron held his temper steadily, as he always did. Waldron was ever the bone of contention between them.

Marian De Lorme was a widow when Robert Fletcher had married her, and he married her for love. Her son was made welcome to his home by Robert until patience ceased to be a virtue. The boy refused to attend school regularly, he trained with an idle and vicious group and he was insolent and disobedient. Robert tried to gently lead the fond mother into a co-operation with himself to remove Waldron from bad influences, but Mrs. Fletcher jealously stood up for the young scapegrace, even to the point of pouting and sullenness.

At the end of two years of indifferent wedded experience there came about the parting of the ways and Waldron grew from bad to worse. Twice his stepfather had detected him in thefts, and several times the unruly member of the household had run away from home, once with a circus, again with a troupe of traveling minstrels.

"But he has such brilliant instincts!" bonated the mother, who had spoiled him. "He sings like a lark and is agile and clever as a born athlete."

Finally Robert laid down the law. He mapped out a reasonable, sensible program of school and home discipline. The mother sulked and differed with him. The stepson resented all and any censorship. One day both left home, and a brief note informed Robert that they would hereafter take care of themselves.

He traced them to the city, but all efforts at a reconciliation were repulsed. It hurt him sorely to hear that his wife had lost all regard for him. He kept the door open for several months, had an attorney interview her, but his wife, was told by the lawyer that she was a perverse, misguided woman, and then Robert sold his home, loyally sent half the proceeds to his wife and went to the far West to lead a broken life.

His last instructions to his lawyer were to the effect that he was ready to renew his relations with his wife and son at any time.

Robert settled in a growing town in Oregon and succeeded in a business which he conducted only half heartedly. At the end of two years the lawyer wrote to him that Waldron had gone on the vaudeville stage and had met with a fair reception. Later the intelligence came that the boy had become a reckless gambler, had involved his mother in a financial way, had stolen her diamonds, and deserted her and disappeared. No traces of either mother or son were reported for a year after that. Then the lawyer wrote he had heard that Waldron was in a hospital in New Orleans, broken in health. As to his mother, he related that he had received a letter from her dated from a small New England town asking for the address of her husband.

"Never mind the boy," came the prompt reply from Robert. "I know where he is. By all means keep in as close touch as possible with his mother."

One evening Robert Fletcher was seated in the elegant home his industry had acquired when there was a call on the phone. "Long distance," was the notification from the central telephone office, and a city over a thousand miles distant was named. He took up the receiver:

"It is Marian," came the tremulous words that thrilled. "May I come home?"

A far cry! How his soul thrilled! A quivering, longing reply: "My dear, you will be oh! so welcome."

He was in the private office two days later when a veiled woman was shown in. She advanced timidly, to fall upon knees, her pleading hands uplifted.

"Not there!" cried Robert, lifting her up, "but here, next to my loving heart!"

It was Waldron who parried us, and he was so unworthy," she sobbed.

"But redeemed," strangely spoke her husband. "We have all learned our lesson, dear. Look."

He opened the door slightly, and she peered just him to view at a desk, diligent with the light of an earnest purpose on his face, the new Waldron.

Nitrous Oxide Gas.

The chemical name of "Laughing Gas" is nitrous oxide. It is used in administration in dentistry and minor surgery. It produces temporary insensibility, during which some patients cry or laugh hysterically.

Married Men Live Longest.

Married men can anticipate longer lives than their bachelor brothers. Some tables recently compiled show that the mortality among unmarried men between the ages of 20 and 50 is double that of benedicts.

Here and There

Alberta is now the largest producer of oil and gas in Canada. In 1925 the production of gas amounted to approximately 9,000,000 thousand cubic feet, and the production of oil 183,000 barrels.

Louis Kon, trade delegate to the Union of Soviet Socialists Republics, confirms the report that an order for $1,000,000 worth of binder twine has been placed with a Brantford firm. Other large orders for Canada are pending.

During the season of 1926 over 36,000 square miles of mineralized areas in the Dominion were mapped out by means of aerial photography, according to the Department of Natural Resources at Ottawa. This is one of the most important uses to which aerial photography has been adapted.

A bill to establish a fish, game and wild life sanctuary in the interior of Nova Scotia has been passed in the Legislature. The sanctuary is to be located at the intersection of the counties of Annapolis, Digby, Yarmouth and Shelburne, Queens. Others may follow in other parts of the province in the near future.

A large single shipment of motor oil, a solid trainload of 26 cars of Marvelube, left Sarnia for various points in the west, but mostly for Vancouver. The oil is a Canadian-manufactured product which has been developed within the past year. At Fort William the special train was handed over to the Canadian Pacific Railway for exhibition along its lines.

Announcement of the offer of two scholarships annually by E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and chancellor of McGill University, to the first male candidate in Greek and Latin, and to the highest male candidate in mathematics entering the University, was made recently by Sir Arthur Currie, principal of McGill. A prize of $500 is attached to each scholarship.

According to the Department of Colonization and Development of the Canadian Pacific Railway, there is every indication that there will be a great increase in the number of immigrants coming to Canada this year compared with the number locating during 1926. It has been estimated that immigration figures for this year will be almost double those of the past year. Since the first of the present year Canadian Pacific liners have brought to Canada approximately 15,000 new settlers.

E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, announced from headquarters recently that the name of the new hotel now being erected in Regina would be "Hotel Saskatchewan." The new C.P.R. hotel at this place will be an eleven story structure containing 284 bedrooms with bath and will cost in the neighborhood of $1,500,000, the opening being scheduled for May 24. The hotel is being built on one of the finest sites in the city on Victoria Avenue, facing the park. It will be only within a few minutes' walk from the C.P.R. Station.

The Canadian Pacific Railway made an excellent showing in 1926, gross revenue for the twelve months being the best shown since 1920, while net revenue was the best shown since 1917, being nearly 4½ million ahead of the fine record of 1925. In gross earnings from railway and lake steamers the year resulted in a very notable increase over the preceding fiscal year, the showing being one of the best on record, while income from special sources, including ocean steamers, held up well; being only slightly below that of 1925, and also being one of the best exhibits ever made by the company.

The Story of Tennis.

Tennis is not by any means a modern game. The Romans played a similar game which they called pila; but the Romans were not the first who played the game, for the ancient Greeks played tennis long before the Romans. And even then the origin of the game was apparently far away.

It has been called both "the king of games" and "the game of kings," for at one time, both in England and France, edicts were published forbidding the common people to play it. Henry II. is considered to have been the best tennis player of all the kings of France.

In the early days the game was called palm-play, because it was played with the hand covered with a glove. Later, tennis players used cords around their hands, and later still someone fastened cords across a pear-shaped frame and put a handle to it. Hence the familiar raquet.

The Hoary Marmot.

The hoary marmot, the largest member of the woodchuck family, is the only fur-bearing animal in Canada who has no underwear, writes Dan McCowan, naturalist. He goes into hibernation the middle of September and remains until the end of April, sound asleep. Because he does not know anything about cold weather, nature has not given him the under fur which is characteristic of the beaver. Consequently the hoary marmot has no value as a material for ladies' coats.

Carrying a War Message

By F. A. MITCHEL

During that period of the pan-European war when Servia was being overrun by the Germans, when the allied troops were pushing northeastward from Salonika to form a junction with the Servians, the latter desired to send a message to the French, who were endeavoring to get in touch with them.

One Boris Gustab, a Servian private soldier, who had done some good secret service work and knew the country well, was willing to undertake the task, but he was only a peasant and without the intellect or education to understand or remember "what he would be required to say to the allied commander. The message must be written and if captured by the enemy would result in disaster both to those who sent it and those for whom it was intended.

Boris, though uneducated, was ingenious. He confided to his general his plan for concealing the message, which was a long one, full of details and instructions. It was written on the thinnest paper. The next day Boris started to work his way across the mountains toward the allies. He walked with a cane, for in the battles the Servians had been fighting with the Germans he had been wounded in the calf of his leg. His danger was not from being captured by organized armies, for such did not lie in his path. What he feared was the people whom he would meet on the way, whose sympathies were with the Bulgarians and who were on the lookout for spies.

Boris was hobbling along southward when he encountered three Bulgarians who were picketing the road, and he was stopped for examination. He told them that he was a Roumanian who had been driven from his home attacked by the Germans and had been impressed into the Servian army. He had been wounded in the leg and while in the hospital had found a way to escape. He was on his way home.

The men refused to let him pass without a thorough examination, for they had been stationed on the road to make sure that there should be no communication between the armies trying to effect a junction. They took off every bit of his clothing and, after examining it thoroughly, burned it, including his hat and the shoes and the staff on which he leaned. They even combed his hair. When they were satisfied that he bore no message they procured him clothing from a farmhouse in which they made their headquarters and, cutting him a cane from a tree, let him pass on.

This stoppage confirmed his belief that the enemy were impressed with the importance of their cause of preventing any communication between the Servians and the allies. He had passed the first picket, but felt sure that it would be true of those enough, while descending a mountain which lay between the two opposing armies he met a guard of Bulgarian soldiers who had been ordered to look out for spies, or, in fact, for any one who would be likely to carry a message.

Again Boris was stopped and ordered to give an account of himself. He told the same story as before. Again he was stripped and his clothing examined, but it was returned to him. They even unwound the bandage about the wound in his leg to see if there was anything concealed in it. They were about to let him pass when one of them suggested that he might have swallowed a paper ball with a message on it and proposed to give him an emetic. Procuring some mustard from a house near by, they forced him to drink some of it mixed with water. He threw up everything on his stomach, but nothing in the nature of a message. Then they gave him a piece of rye bread and bade him proceed on his journey.

A third time he was stopped not far from the French lines and put through an oral examination by the officer commanding an outpost, before whom he was taken. This man plied him with so many questions that he contradicted himself, and, as he was under the impression that he had found a small New England town asking for the address of her husband. was going to prison, he was interrogated again by the officer, who declared Boris removed the bandage from his leg and told the surgeon to probe into the wound.

From between the muscles the surgeon drew forth a thin capsule and handed it to Boris, who broke it open and took out some carefully folded thin paper, which he gave the general. It contained 500 words so closely written and in such diminutive letters that a microscope was needed to read it.

Boris' wound was not improved by the insertion, but it had been done by a surgeon, and the capsule had been medicated and oiled, so that the damage was partly balanced by the healing substance.

Who Was the Bridesmaid?

By SARAH BAXTER

"I say, Jim," said Billy Otter to his friend, James Aparews, "I wish you'd help me to get me out to a quarter that's liable to give me serious trouble."

"What is it, Billy?"

"Well, you know I have been attentive to Stella Monroe."

"Most confoundedly attentive," replied Jim.

"I've often thought that you were a bit sweet on Stella. I have lately swapped girls and am engaged to Marian Truesdale. Stella has become jealous and declares that I have asked her to marry me. If I don't she says she will make a big time. Now, I don't believe she cares a rap for me. She's like a dog in the manger—if she can't get me she doesn't wish any one else to have me. I want you to play spoons to her and drink her off."

"Well, now, I like that. You propose to use me to pull your chestnuts out of the fire. Not much. You fellows who don't think anything of being sweet on two or three girls at the same time must take your own medicine when the time comes. Sorry I can't help you out."

Billy sighed and turned away. He therefore did not see an amused look on his friend's face. Jim had also been attentive to Miss Monroe when Billy had met her and, not knowing of his friend's devotion, Billy made the same love to her that he did to every girl who gave him a half a chance. The lady knew his lovemaking propensity and permitted him to practice it on her.

Not long after the above conversation Jim went to Billy and with a very serious countenance said to him:

"Billy, as your friend I feel in duty bound to tell you that Stella Monroe is getting ready to bring suit against you for breach of promise of marriage."

"Where did you hear that?" asked Billy, paling.

"Her lawyer is a particular friend of mine."

Billy looked very much broken up.

"What are you going to do—fight it?"

"I don't know what to do," replied Billy. "If I go back on Marian there'll be a monkey and parrot time."

There was a long silence, after which Jim said,

"Neither of these girls wants your money. They simply want to punish you for playing them both at the same time. I think that if you settle on one the other will let you alone."

"If I settle on either it will be Stella."

Jim looked very serious. "You have antagonized Stella to such an extent that I doubt if she would have you now. Besides, I understand that she has gone too far with her proposed suit to back out now. As long as she doesn't strike any one else in striking you: Better tie up with Marian."

Billy said he would consider the matter, and his friend left him. The next evening Billy went to see Marian. It was always the first girl he was with who enchained him. He told Marian how he was situated and suggested that the only way he could be saved from a breach of promise suit was for her to marry him. Since she wanted him very much she was only too glad to save him in that particular way.

A few days later Jim hurried into Billy's room before Billy was out of bed and announced that service was to be made on him that morning in the breach of promise suit. Billy started up with fright.

"What in thunder am I to do?" he asked.

"The only way out of it that I can see is for you to be married at once and jump the town."

After some little Billy called up Miss Truesdale on the phone, told her how he was situated and asked her if she would put into practice the scheme proposed. Marian said it was very sudden, but to save him from a big scandal and no end of worry she would do it for him. It was arranged that he was to go at once to a neighboring town and Marian was to follow in the same evening. Jim agreed to be at the place to act as best man and said he would try to scare up a bridesmaid. The details having been settled, Billy threw a few things in a suit case and started for the train.

Jim reached the rendezvous at 6 o'clock in the evening. Marian at 8. Then the colleges Jim was to choose from all the party were to unite. Jim had promised to go on ahead with the bridesmaid—if he could get one—and be at the inn with a clergyman at 9. At ten minutes to 9 he sent up his card, which was handed to the couple in parlor C. Jim was shown up with a lady, and when the two entered the parlor she threw off a thick veil, disclosing the features of Stella Monroe.

Billy looked as if the floor was about to open and swallow him up. Jim burst into immoderate laughter. When this had subsided, pointing to Stella he said:

"We two have been engaged for more than a year. My fiancee was determined that you should not treat Miss Truesdale as you were disposed to treat her and asked me to help her see that you fulfilled your proposal."

At this juncture a clergyman stepped into the room, and with Jim for best man and Stella for bridesmaid Billy was put where he would do no further damage to feminine hearts. To show his friends Jim and Stella that he had no hard feelings toward them he and his wife attended their wedding.

Have No Railways.

The eight countries in the world that have no railways are: Albania in Europe; Afghanistan, Asir, Bhutan, Nepal, Oman, and Yemen, in Asia; and Liberia on the West Coast of Africa.

Finger-Prints 400 B.C.

Finger-prints as a means of identification were used by the Chinese as early as 400 B.C.

Don't Borrow.

It is just as hard to pay back money as it is to borrow it.

Pictures on the Clouds.

Successful experiments in projecting pictures on the clouds, recently carried out at Jena, Germany, may result in the sky being used as a giant advertisement board.

By means of this invention pictures may be thrown, giant-size, on the clouds, and from the recent experiments pictures came out with great clearness.

It is thought that in the near future it will be possible to show moving pictures in this way. But what would the proprietors of cinema theaters have to say about such an innovation?

Stop the Losses of your Baby Chicks

Buckeye
coal-burning brooders

Don't let your baby chicks die. Don't let them get chilled to death, smothered to death, crowded or overheated. Every chick you lose is money right out of your pocket.

Buckeye Colony Brooders have proved their ability to prevent these losses. They have saved money for a quarter-million poultry-raisers. They have proved their chick-raising ability for twelve years.

Come to our store today and let us tell you how you can stop your losses and make more money from your poultry with Buckeye Brooders.

Buckeye oil-burning brooders

M. B. MILLS CO.,
Napanee, Ont.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Oaton's.

WINTER FEED
For Your Chickens
BEEF MEAT MEAL
(60% Protein)
$4.50 PER CWT.

—Oyster Shell.
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GEO. E. WINTER,
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No Change in the Price
Hair Cut
35c.

FRED S. SCOTT
BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.
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Ambulance Service in Connection

Prompt attention to night or day calls.

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WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE,

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-y

HARRY KELLER'S
Beauty Parlor

In charge of Mlle. Florence Jinnett.
Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, Facial Massage, and Shampooing. All tools sterilized.
Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle	75c.
Shampoo	50c.
Hair Cut	35c.
Facials	35c.

Also Scalp Treatment

The dance under the auspices of Canadian Order of Foresters, which was to be held on Wednesday, April 6th, has been postponed until a future date.

Two lads appeared before the Police Magistrate on Friday, carged with housebreaking at the home of Mr. Wm. Butcher. They were remanded for a week.

A small fire occurred at the residence of Mr. John Gleeson on Monday afternoon. A small fire burning rubbish and grass spread to the woodshed and up the side of the shed to the roof. The firemen made a quick run and had the fire extinguished in a short time and before much damage was done.

Miss Henrietta Smith, of Kingston, died quite suddenly at the home of her brother, Mr. W. C. Smith, Napanee, on Wednesday last. Miss Smith came from Kingston about two weeks ago to visit her brother and was taken ill soon after arriving. The funeral took place from her late residence in Kingston on Saturday.

Mr. Clarence Sharp, who owns one of the finest hay and grain farms between Kingston and Napanee, sold his farm and complete equipment to Mr. D. A. Reid, of Gladwin, Michigan, a few days ago. This valuable piece of property is situated on the provincial highway, seven miles from Napanee. Mr. Reid expects to cater to the tourists by selling gasoline and oils, as Mr. Sharp has done for the past year.

The annual election of the officers of the Ladies' Aid of Grace Church, was held on Friday afternoon, there being a fairly large attendance of members present. The following were elected for the ensuing church year: President, Mrs. R. S. Wales; 1st vice-president, Mrs. G. F. Card; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. A. Kitchen; treasurer, Mrs. W. E. Vine; financial secretary, Mrs. Fred Russell; recording secretary, Mrs. C. Lucks; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. B. Judson.

The Yarker stage, in charge of Mr. Clare E. Hartman, Yarker, the owner, was badly damaged on Friday afternoon about 4.30 o'clock when it was struck by the Canadian Pacific Railway train at the Portland Road crossing, about five miles from Kingston. Mr. Hartman, who received a bad shaking up, was attended to by Dr. Fergus O'Connor, and later proceeded to his home at Yarker. It was the wish of the doctor and the C.P.R. officials that Mr. Hartman go to the hospital and receive medical attention, but he insisted on going to his home.

"Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." Ps. 30: 1, 2; "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death," Rom. 8: 1, 2; "I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse that I may gain Christ, and be found in Himnot having a right-eousness of my own.....but that which is of God by faith," Phil. 3: 8, 9.

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word,
Jesus speaks and speaks to thee,
Say poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

A BIBLE LOVER.

Milk Cans.

The "Boyle Bottom" milk can is still the best can made in Canada.

BOYLE & SON.

STELLA.

Our mail-carrier, W. J. Beaubien, has the mail boat "Stella" painted and looking spick and span for the opening of navigation.

Capt. Hugh Glenn is also giving the motor boat "Ethel" an overhauling in readiness for the opening.

Ethel C. MacDonald, Emerald, met with rather an unfortunate accident one evening last week. While Mr. MacDonald was attending to some young cattle in the yard they became frightened, knocked him down and trampled over him, injuring him to a considerable extent.

George Beggs is building a garage to house the new Hudson sedan which he recently purchased from H. Sharpe, Napanee.

Brown Bros. and S. L. Pringle, blacksmiths, are very busy getting the farmers' spring machinery ready for the land.

Ernest Wolfries, "Lake View," has removed to his summer camp at the Sand Beach.

Miss Ruth Mitchell, R.N., has returned to Buffalo, N.Y., after spending the winter at her home here.

Connors & Wemp, butchers and drovers, who have extensive shippers of veal calves during the winter, have been held up for the past two weeks owing to the poor ice.

Mrs. Capt. R. Thompson, Cleveland, Ohio, has been spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. R. Glenn.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. Richards, a son.

Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam is the best preparation we know of for stubborn coughs and colds. 35c. a bottle at Wallace's.

Just when you need it.
Just where you need it.
Just as you need it.
That's REAL Coal Service.
VANLUVEN. Phone 92.
A Black Business Handled White.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs Geo. Miller is visiting friends in Toronto and London.

Mr. Reginald Wiseman returned last week from Syracuse, N.Y.

Mrs. J. G. Daly and Mrs. W. J. Jewell are in Toronto for a few days

Mrs. Ross, Belleville, spent the week-end the guest of her mother Mrs. A. W. Benjamin.

Mrs. T. D. Sneath has returned to Boston, Mass

Mrs. Rennie, Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Smith.

Mrs. Fred Hawley and little son left last week for their new home at Eldersley, Sask.

Misses Mary and Jennie Stinson are visiting relatives in Philadelphia and Collegeville, Pa.

Mr. Geo. Perry left on Friday for Goderich, Ont.

Mrs. Leonard McCabe spent last week with her son in Oshawa.

Dr. J. D. McCarten has resumed the practice of his profession in Napanee.

Mrs. T. A. Logan, Toronto, has been spending a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. Nellie Paul.

Mr. Bert Beaubien was operated upon for appendicitis in Kingston General Hospital on Wednesday last.

Mr. Guy Baker, Mrs. Chas. Baker and Miss Francis Baker, Ottawa, are at the bedside of Mrs. W. A. Baker, who is very ill.

Mr. Douglas Doller, of Toronto spent the week-end in town the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doller.

Dr. E. Ming returned from Toronto at the conclusion of the session last week and has resumed practice.

BIRTHS

Butcher—At Napanee, on Thursday, March 31st, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Butcher, a son.

Card—At Napanee, on Friday, April 1st, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Card, a son.

Todd—At Hamilton, on Sunday, April 3rd, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Todd, (nee Grace Wilson) a daughter.

DEATHS

Bergin—At Napanee, on Monday, April 4th, 1927, Agnes Bergin, widow of the late P. Bergin, aged 53 years.

Pringle—At Richmond, on Monday, April 4th, 1927, Martha A. Pringle, aged 18 years, 8 months.

In memory of Phoebe A. Clark, who died April 6th, 1926.

Just a thought of you, dear Mother,
Just a memory fond and true;
Just a token of affection,
To show that we still think of you.
Remembered always by
Son and Daughter.

"WORLD'S BEST CLUB."

British House of Commons Contains One of World's Best Kitchens.

Parliament, with its venerable and awe-inspiring atmosphere, might well be thought to possess kitchens of a bygone age. So it comes as rather a surprise to find that they are equipped with all the most modern time and labor-saving appliances.

Yet when it is realized that over 500 dinners are served in the British House of Commons on one night during a busy sitting, and that the number of meals served every year is approximately 160,000, it is obvious that up-to-date methods and apparatus are absolutely essential.

Right along the centre of the main kitchen runs an enormous stove, at which stand a number of men and women, clad in spotless white, supervising ovens and saucepans that send out an uncommonly enticing aroma. As a rule, the whole of this stove is employed, though last session only part of it was used in order that coal might be economized. The staff numbers thirty-nine in all.

Machinery is used everywhere. All the washing-up is done by mechanical means, and even the eggs are beaten by machinery. White-metal dishes are used for serving all the food, and for the actual cooking copper is employed throughout. Cooper & M. Ferran, the head chef, explained to an Answers' man, not only outlasts all other metals for saucepans and other utensils, but also keeps a steady heat and does not burn, all things which recommend it.

Although the best of everything is used, the prices of the various dishes compare very favorably with those ruling in restaurants. Although a meal may cost as much as 10s. 6d. or even, a nice little repast can be had for the reasonable charge of one-and-sixpence.

The Honey-Bird's Lure.

Lured by a honey-bird to a tree, a native workman at Nehanda, Rhodesia, was struck by a deadly snake and killed in a few minutes. This lends color to the belief that a honey-bird sometimes maliciously leads to a lion, leopard or snake instead of to a store of wild honey. The honey-bird, an inhabitant of Southeastern and Central Africa, when it observes a man, will flutter from branch to branch and thus guide the way to a bee's nest.

Rosewood.

Rosewood is a very hard and beautifully marked wood, found chiefly in Brazil. It takes a fine polish, is very durable, and is much used in making piano cases and articles of fine furniture. The wood of an allied tree found in the East Indies yields East Indian rosewood. The wood derives its name from the odor the wood gives out when fresh cut.

Like Single Blessedness.

With a total population of about 100, Leavenheath, a village in Suffolk, Eng., has eighty bachelors, most of whom profess themselves as well content with their state of single blessedness.

Spring and Summer Fabrics

In Attractive Weaves and Authentic Colors Now on Display at Robinson's

Materials for the Two-piece Suits, the Belted Sport Coat, Compose Frocks for afternoon or street wear. In fact every line of fabric that meets the needs this coming season.

Once again the fabric section of Napanee's Greatest Store is ready to supply you for the coming Spring and Summer season. New wool materials of good texture and colorings, rich, new silken fabrics of distinctive quality and charm, wash fabrics that will give you 100 per cent. satisfaction, accessories that count so much to com-plete the general effect.

Assortment of stocks are now complete and you can shop profitably and satisfactorily with such an array of new fabrics of sterling quality.

Equally important are the splendid prices that prevail this season. Stocks have been chosen carefully and well, and your shopping can be made very profitable. An intimate knowledge of the new goods will mean much to you. We will be pleased to acquaint you with this fine assortment.

Silk and Wool Jersey in a new style of Weave

54 inches wide

$2.50 per yard

A Silk and Wool Jersey of soft texture and beautiful new colorings. This new line is very superior in quality to others of the previous season. An ideal fabric for present and future wear.

Note the new colorings: Sun Tan, Castillian Red, Jade, Bois-de-Rose, Grey, Tan, Powder Blue, Grecian Rose, Beige, Orchid, Trianin, Old Rose.

Minature Prints the thing in Silk

Paris and New York are accentuating Prints in small patterns for Spring. Every style message gives prestige to the vogue.

The woman of fashion has long recognized the superb smartness and appropriateness of miniature prints in floral designs of tiny buds and sprays, minute geometric designs, checks, Oriental designs appear on many of them.

Lovely are the colorings now being featured in the new assortment. Black and White is a fashion featured largely, as well.

Silk and cotton, pure silk crepes, check silks are here in a goodly assortment.

Prices at $1.25 to $1.75 and up to $3.50 per yard.

Belonging to the family of Corded Fabrics

38 in. Wool Poplin, $1.25 per yard.
38 in. Wool Ottoman Faille, $1.48 per yard.
54 in. Wool Ottoman Cord, $2.50 per yard.

These fabrics promise to be very popular this season. Made from choice Botany Yarn, you will find them good looking and serviceable. A select range of rich shades now in stock. Black, Navy, Brown, Grey, Sun Tan, Wood Rose, Rose Blush, Brocken, Slate Blue, Rosewood, Golden Tan, Red, Old Rose, Polo Tan, Blonde, Tiger Lily, French Blue, Teakwood, Claret, Sapphire, Antique, Ruby, Raphael.

Rich Coat Lengths are shown in Novelty Cord Silk, black only

These very handsome Corded Silk Coat Lengths have just been placed in stock. Fashion has strongly endorsed the Black Silk Coat this season.

No two lengths of the same pattern. Each length contains 3½ yards, 36 in. wide.

Priced at $2.50 and $2.75 per yard.

Charmeen in Dress and Coat Weights 54 inches wide, $3.50 and $3.75 per yd.

A big demand for Charmeen is promised this season. It is the ideal fabric for coat or dress and new shades are represented in the assortment. Being closely woven it will give the full measure of service.

Charmeen is procurable in the following shades: Black, Navy, Beige, Polo Tan, Blonde, Wild Aster, Sandalwood, Raphael, Tapestry Blue, Lanvin.

It will be a Big Season again for Fugi Silk

Plain Stripe and Plaid Effects in the lime light

Plain Fugi Silk, 29 inches wide, 75c. yard

This season we have been able to buy Fugi Silk a little closer in price. You reap the benefit. The quality is the same as handled last season. Fine even weave, rich finish, and a goodly assortment of colors to choose from. 29 in. wide.

Stripes and Plaids again

Are very smart, especially when they carry out the popular two-tone theme.

For those who prefer check and plaid combinations, there are checks and plaids to go with plain fabrics, and they are lovely new stylish creations. These beautiful fabrics are shown in fine wools, French Nun's Veiling, soft texture flannels and fine French Wool Vigoreux, 38 and 54 in. wide.

Plain colors are shown in Beige, Rose, Green, Blue, Yellow Rose; Plaid effects of Blue and Yellow, Yellow and Blue; two-tone shades of Rose; Beige, Green, specially priced at $2.25 and $3.00 yard.

The new Stripe and Plaid Fugi Show a new richness of Blending Colors

29 in. and 36 in. wide

$1.75, $2.00, $2.25 per yard

The compose idea is carried out in these Bordered Fugi Silk Lengths. Each dress length measures 1¾ and 2 yards each, and the color idea is carried out in becoming tones on a natural back ground. Lengths at $8.50 and $9.50 each.

54 in. Plaids for the School Girl

Present styles call for plaid skirts. New arrivals are shown in striking two-tone colorings.

Priced at $1.75 and $2.50 per yard.

Excellent values can be procured this season in Plain Silk Crepes

Flat Crepe, Satin Face Crepe, Crepe-de-Chene

All these fabrics are spoken very highly of this season. Rich new colorings vie with each other for popular approval.

Special at $1.95 per yard, is a splendid line of Flat Crepe, a quality lately selling for $2.50 per yd. The following colors can be had: Black, Brown, Navy, Mais, Malabar, Brickdust, Algonquin, Sandalwood, Gooseberry.

Special at $2.50 and $2.95 are the best grades shown for some time.

Weight, finish and rich colorings will guide you to a dependable quality of Crepe. The following colors can be had: Black, Navy, Coral, Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Grecian Rose, Powder Blue, Brittany Blue, Palmetto Green, Gooseberry.

The Separate Coat is important this season

TWEEDS, POIRET TWILL AND TRICOTINE ARE THE LEADERS

Truly the showing in this necessary item in the Spring list of needed garments, is a noteworthy one. The assortment is unusually large and the values are worth considering.

Tweeds in new mixed designs, having the right colorings and weight, 54 in. wide, priced at $2.00, $2.25, up to $3.00 per yard.

Poiret Twill and Tricotine for the dressy coat for all round service.. Navy Blue and Black, with the other Spring colors. Good values at $3.95 per yard. 54 in. wide.

The Wash Goods Leaders that sell themselves

Very rich effects predominate in the new Wash Goods showing, endorsing effective designs never before carried out in popular priced cotton goods. Each pattern and color combination is the work of master artists, skilled in the art of creating effects for fashionable women and children.

The following list of materials will show the trend of the coming season:

THE NEW WASH FABRICS

Prima Donna Foulard,
Rose Marie Foulard.
Phantom Dimity.
Leona Crepe.
Kanton Crepe.
Pinto Kanton.
Magnolia Crepe.
Crepe de Celma.
Cheno Silk.
Lorrayon Crepe.
Radioux Chiffon.
Plain Broadcloth.
Sequin Voile Dress Lengths.
Plain Mull.
Rayon Celanese.
Silk Finished Broadcloth.
Lingerie Celanese.
Normandy Voile.
Rayon Brocade.
Plain Voile.
Pon Fancy.
Duro Broadcloth.
Frock Voile.

Are You Just Learning to Sew?

Then visit our Butterick Department and ask to see style 1311, a frock designed especially for beginners and very easy to make. Always buy Butterick Patterns, including Deltor.

Consult the helpful guide on Pages 10 and 11 of the Butterick Quarterly for Spring and early Summer. It tells you what materials are most effective for each type of costume. For the latest word on fabrics, style, colors and accessories, get the

BUTTERICK QUARTERLY

Spring and Early Summer Issue now on Sale.

Our Dress Making Department is a real help to those having Garments Made to Order

Select your material from our Dress Goods Department and have your garment made to order. The service we offer is very satisfactory. Any information you may desire may be secured from our staff in the Dress Goods Department.

Orders should be left now to secure early delivery.

Quality, Service Value.

THE ROBINSON CO. LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.